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THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

AN Irish election at the present time is a dismal exhibition of violence, insincerity, and folly. When the only public opinion which finds expression favours treason, spoliation, and murder, and when a county election is made the occasion for insulting the Crown and the law by the sham return of a convicted felon to Parliament, it is a misfortune that seditious meetings should ostensibly discharge constitutional functions. The attractions of a seat in Parliament must be overpowering when candidates holding respectable positions in society can persuade themselves to purchase promotion by flattering the prejudices of mobs, and by obeying the dictates of lay and clerical demagogues. The extravagance of popular oratory and of printed declamations had long since reached a point which it seemed scarcely possible to pass; but Irish ingenuity is equal to the task of surprising even the most experienced student of the literature of anarchy. At one of the latest tenant-right meetings a priest quoted a letter in which the notorious MITCHELL advises an evicted farmer to shoot the landlord, or the agent, or the bailiff, and by preference to shoot them all three. The speaker affected to guard himself against adopting the sentiment which he quoted, but he added at the same time that MITCHELL was more trusted and beloved than any other living Irishman. The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland who are about at the Council to adopt the denunciations of liberty contained in the Syllabus, have not leisure to restrain the priests under their jurisdictions from preaching assassination as the alternative of submission to the demands of the mob. The loyalty and love of order which are undoubtedly cherished by the better classes in Ireland are for the present silenced by intimidation. That a country in such a condition should go through the form of Parliamentary elections is a mischievous, though unavoidable, anomaly. The ringleaders of sedition are consistent in their professed wish to convert representation into a farce by the nominal election of disqualified convicts; and yet the local managers may plausibly contend that it is a greater triumph to extort extreme pledges from candidates who might be supposed to disapprove of their demands, than merely to express their sympathy with imprisoned rebels. Mr. BUTT and Mr. HERON afford a conspicuous illustration of the fact that the disaffected part of the population is worth courting.

Mr. HERON was only a year ago a Conservative, holding a legal office under Mr. DISRAELI's Government. He has since recommended himself to the agitators of Tipperary, not by the discharge of his professional duty in defending an alleged murderer, but by declamatory appeals to the jury to approve of the murder. He is of course professedly eager for the liberation of the Fenian prisoners, not as an act of grace, but in recognition of their meritorious conduct; and he is prepared, under a thin disguise, to transfer the fee-simple of the land from the owner to the occupier. The extreme revolutionary faction which has successfully performed the indecent farce of electing the convict ROSSA may perhaps have doubted whether Mr. HERON was thoroughly to be trusted. If the Fenian rebels deserved well of their country their services ought to ensure rewards to themselves, rather than to those who must wish to relieve them from the painful consequences of heroic acts. The Waterford candidates deserve the credit of greater unwillingness to comply with the degrading conditions imposed by the populace or the priests. Sir H. W. BARON, although he accepted the obnoxious pledge that he would support the liberation of the prisoners, attempted to preserve his self-respect by asserting that he only approved the measure in the belief that it would strengthen the English Government. Mr. OSBORNE also was compelled to throw incense on the idolatrous altar. In modern times the torture of remaining out of the House of Commons is too severe a trial for the patience of a martyr. All parties would have been glad that Mr. OSBORNE should enliven the unprecedented dulness of an assembly

which seems to have formed itself on the model of Mr. GLADSTONE, in its abhorrence of levity and of humour; but it may be questioned whether this advantage would not be dearly purchased by Mr. OSBORNE's conversion to the doctrine that treason is venial or laudable. When he next has occasion to ridicule some political charlatan, he will perhaps be checked by the thought that the intended victim of his sarcasm had after all not professed sympathy with rebels.

Of all the candidates who vied with each other in truckling to the rabble, Mr. OSBORNE alone had a reputation to lose. Between Mr. HERON, who proposed a cheer for the Fenian prisoners, and one of the actual convicts, there is little political difference. Both the Queen's Counsel and the convicted rebel were proposed by priests, though it must be admitted that the supporter of ROSSA surpassed all lay and clerical competitors in murderous brutality of language. The feeling of opposition to the priests which found expression in the outcries of the rabble may perhaps possess a certain significance. It is only when anarchy verges upon chaos that Irishmen begin to make the discovery that priests should not interfere in politics. It is highly probable that most of the violent language of the Roman Catholic clergy expresses rather their dependence on popular favour than their genuine opinions; but in advocating the transfer of landed property from the owner to the occupier they are probably sincere. It remains to be seen whether they will draw back from agitation, and thus find themselves outbid by the Fenians, or rather advance to the point of extravagance at which they may recover their popularity. One or two of the most seditious priests have already begun to explain away the denunciations of the Holy See and of the Irish Bishops against secret societies. Anathemas directed at the same time against rebellion and against the harmless mummeries of the Freemasons are certainly not entitled to profound respect. The most obvious inference to be deduced from the part taken by the priests in Irish elections is that they ought to have been placed long ago in a position of greater material comfort. A house and a glebe would have had a strong tendency to restrain mischievous eloquence; and similar advantages offered to National schoolmasters would probably have affected the whole tone of primary education in Ireland. It is perhaps not surprising that the abolition of the Established Church appears to have had no conciliatory effect whatever. It is in the nature of demagogues to disregard all distinction between just and unjust demands. Every concession which can be made by the Government or by Parliament is attributed exclusively to fear; and the advantage of having evacuated a post which was morally untenable will only be appreciated by degrees. As long as the Establishment existed, all measures intended to restore tranquillity to Ireland were necessarily hampered by a consciousness of chronic wrong.

The outward scandal of Irish elections would perhaps be mitigated by the abolition of nominations, and by the adoption of the Ballot; but there is no reason to suppose that either measure would give loyal or moderate candidates any additional chance of success. In Paris, where there are neither public nominations nor open votes, members worthy of Tipperary itself have been returned. The condition of affairs in Ireland is assuredly not destined to last. The treasonable appeals of the rebel papers to the passions of the multitude will be suppressed either before or after an insurrection. The Government is perhaps well advised in waiting to observe the effect on the Irish people of the measure on landed tenure which will be introduced in the ensuing Session. No triumph would be more acceptable to Mr. GLADSTONE than the suppression of the present seditious movement without a resort to extraordinary measures. It is sometimes the business of a statesman to be deliberately blind. It was reserved to Mr. GLADSTONE alone to discover laudable motives in the agitation for the release of the Fenian prisoners. If he should at last be absolutely compelled to put down insolent disaffection

by force, no calumniator will venture to accuse him of a natural preference for unconstitutional methods. It has been formally notified to the Vestry of St. Martin's that on Sundays or on week-days seditious mobs may, in full conformity with law, put a stop to secular business, or render religious worship impracticable. Similar license will be allowed to disaffected multitudes in Dublin or in Cashel, until it becomes impossible to trifle any longer with the public peace. On former occasions it has not been found difficult to silence Irish treason. O'CONNELL gave no further trouble when he had been released from a brief imprisonment, and the sanguinary threats of the MEAGHERS and the MITCHELLS ended in the battle of the cabbage-garden. The Fenian rising was repressed by a few scattered policemen; nor is there any reason to suppose that the conspirators of the present day are more formidable than their predecessors. If the majority of small farmers are satisfied that they will derive substantial benefit from the Ministerial measure, and that they will get nothing more by agitation, it is possible that the system of boundless patience may after all succeed.

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

IT appears from the last returns that the German emigrants landing in New York exceed in number the total amount of both English and Irish emigrants landing there. There are in round numbers a hundred and thirty thousand Germans who land at New York in a year, while there are about 60,000 English, and as many Irish. The United States are thus receiving within their pale an accession of newcomers of whom only one in four belongs to the old race which is still the governing race in America, and from which the law, the religion, and the Constitution of the Union are mainly derived. This exodus of Germans must have a most important effect one day both on the country they go to and on the country they leave. And the emigration of Germans to America is only one part of a great whole. Everywhere throughout the globe Germans are pushing their way. It is said that the North-German Confederation is in treaty with Holland for the purchase of one of the Banda Islands, and the reason given is that so much of the coasting trade in the Eastern seas of Asia has fallen into the hands of Germans that it becomes necessary that some local centre should be created for the protection of their interests. In every part of South America Germans are creeping into business, and competing successfully with their older rivals. They are not ambitious or pretentious, and it is because they are content to begin in a humble way that they succeed. They will live on much less than Englishmen. They are content to do a huckstering sort of business. They seldom offend the natives, and keep clear of local politics. They are a species of Christian Jews, plodding on without attracting attention till they grow rich. They are very patient, very industrious, and devote themselves entirely to business. They have no grand dreams or prospects whatever. They do not want to found great German colonies, or to build up an empire on which the sun shall not set. They prefer to leave to others the trouble of conquering and ruling. They neither aspire to make nor to unmake constitutions; they keep themselves beneath the notice of revolutionary chiefs, and are entirely indifferent as to who the President of the day may be. All they ask is to be allowed to lead their own quiet family life, to have their little enthusiasms and sentimentalities, to drink a moderate amount of beer, and to make money. This vast irruption of orderly, industrious, unassuming, but in no way contemptible, people must add a strange but valuable element to the countries into which they pour. There are no emigrants parallel to them. Frenchmen do not emigrate at all, or are perfectly wretched if they do. Russians overspread new territories, but do not emigrate. A few stragglers go off from the Latin and Scandinavian nations, but all emigrants that set out in numbers sufficient to produce great results are Germans, English, or Irish. The English go out as a conquering, enterprising race, to seize on the earth and hold it; the Irish go out partly to share in the spoils of the English, partly to kick up a row and promote the cause of general disturbance. But the Germans go out because they like going, and because they can make emigration profitable and pleasant, if other people will take the trouble of empire and of getting up public excitement off their hands. And yet, wherever they go, they have a certain weight and influence. They hang together, and this gives them importance; they are friendly, quiet, thriving people; they commit few crimes, and they provoke few enemies. The real Yankee hates the Irishman very often, owning that he is useful, but getting weary

of his rowdy, noisy, anarchical ways; but he never hates the German. He laughs at him, and thinks him of a lower type than himself, but he has no bitterness against him. The BREITMANN Ballads show that the Germans seem odd, and perhaps ridiculous, to many Americans, but still they breathe a kindly spirit towards the consumers of Lager beer.

So great is the power of assimilation which the Union possesses, with its vast area, its unoccupied lands, its free institutions, and the tenacity which the governing race exhibits in clinging to its old political ideas, that neither the Irish element nor the German element has as yet shown itself in a separate form, acting in a distinct manner, and producing a distinct vote. We hear of politicians doing and saying this or that to catch the Irish vote or the German vote, but neither Irish nor Germans affect the policy of the States in any very decisive way. Still these elements are becoming rapidly so considerable that Americans may reflect with pleasure that they are antagonistic, and that, if the present proportion of emigrants is preserved, the German must before long preponderate. Of all non-English races the German is nearest to the English, most in harmony with it, and most easily guided by it. A great German colony and dependency might fail, for the Germans, from their history and their position on the Continent, have no notion of government except through soldiers and officials. But they are excessively tractable, and have a turn of mind which suits free institutions. While the Irish element was always leaning towards the South during the war, the German element was firmly Republican, and strongly upheld the Union. The Germans may be looked on as the subordinate allies of the English race, numerous, conservative, and prosperous. In the foreign politics of the Union they are strongly for peace, and they have the merit of feeling no enmity against England. They may be trusted to do all they can to repress the inconvenient activity of Fenians, and to avoid a war for war's sake. They are also valuable to the United States in another way. They are almost to a man idealists, and friends of free thought. They resist the pressure of American sects, and they contend against the weary mediocrity and intellectual poverty of republican societies. A population that is very steady and industrious and unambitious, and which yet talks much nonsense, and uses bigger words and a higher philosophical language than it understands, which carries a sort of babyish poetry into family life, and which, Philistine in its way of living, is by no means Philistine in its conception of the relative value of the different parts of human life, may be easily understood to contribute something to American society that is greatly needed. Germans are always ready for education, for music, for art, for talk about music and art, and, generally speaking, for all that the natural heart of the unclaimed Englishman detests. The best part of Manchester society consists of the German families settled there, and the Union is a sort of magnified and glorified Manchester. The tyranny of religious cliques, again, is eminently distasteful to Germans, while, unfortunately, it is only by constant efforts that it is partially repressed in England. It might easily grow rampant in the States, but the Germans will do their best to prevent it. Perhaps, for their own sake, it might be wished that German emigrants had more definite views of religion, but at any rate, whether they are nominally Protestant or Catholic, they all seem to set themselves most resolutely against every kind of religious interference. Thus in every way the Union gains by receiving them, and may congratulate itself that they come in twice as great a quantity as emigrants from any other nation. At any rate, if they are not all that could be desired when they land, they are capable of being assimilated or improved to a remarkable degree.

LORD CARNARVON, we believe, lately stated that it was the subdivision of the land that drove Germans to emigrate. Whether this cause operates largely, or whether it operates at all, we have no means of knowing; but poverty, from one cause or other, is of course the main reason why people emigrate from every country. In Ireland the mass of the emigrants have not been holders of the soil at all, but labourers, and it is probable that the same may to a great extent be true of Germany. But other causes have also helped to swell the tide of emigration, of which fear and hatred of the conscription has been perhaps the most active. The emigrants have longed to live in a country where their time was not wasted, their business suspended, and their homes invaded by the drill sergeant. The United States have also afforded a refuge to thousands of Germans whose political views were entirely opposed to those of the Governments under which they were born. It has lately been remarked by a French writer, that the history of France has greatly differed from that

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of England, owing to the fact that, England being a colonizing country, her violent Republicans have gone off and left England comparatively Conservative; while France, not being a colonizing country, has retained her violent Republicans continually in her bosom. There can be little doubt that this is true, and that the American colonies acted as a safety-valve while the modern Constitution of England was in the process of formation, and that if Frenchmen had been in the habit of going abroad, there would not be so many Irreconcilables at Paris. Germany has also, we may be sure, got rid of many troubled and troublesome spirits in the same way. Their yearnings for republicanism have been gratified at the safe distance of three thousand miles, and their own country has at least been the quieter for their absence. An old society, that is at the same time a colonizing or emigrating society, must be a much more tranquil and more contented society than one in which every one stays where he was born. Ireland, in point of decency and good order, is not much to boast of at present; but its state would have been ten times as bad if all the Fenians had stayed at home, and if the pressure of population on subsistence had not been mitigated by a large outgoing of emigrants. As a mere matter of theory, we should have thought that Lord CARNARVON, if right in his facts, was wrong in his deductions, and that if the Germans are driven to emigrate by subdivision, this may show, not that subdivision is always bad, but that the evils of subdivision may be averted if the superabundant population emigrates. However this may be, the tendency of emigration is to make the Mother-country conservative, and Germany has naturally felt the influence of this source of tranquillity. Emigration also tends to make Germany conservative, in the sense that it induces the nation to seek a force and a concentration of its strength which will command universal respect. Germans are not at all inclined to arrogate to themselves the rights of pre-eminent citizenship which Lord PALMERSTON so fervently believed belonged in the nature of things to Englishmen; but they are quite sensible of the enormous advantages which dwellers in foreign lands derive from the fact that the country of their birth is generally respected and feared. That there should be such a body as the North-German Confederation to buy one of the Banda Islands is a result of Sadowa which must be precious to the German patriot. But the fruits of Sadowa can only be reaped if the dissolving forces constantly at work in Germany are kept firmly in check. The primary effects of emigration on a country like Germany are, therefore, conservative because emigration enforces the wisdom and necessity of consolidating national strength, as well as because it removes a disturbing and dangerous element of the population, and lessens poverty and distress. But probably in time it may act the other way, as it has acted in the case of England. Emigration in the seventeenth century made England conservative in the eighteenth, and England, as much for the preservation of her colonies as for anything else, fought her way to the position of a first-rate Power. But after this period of tranquil growth and active consolidation was passed, England began to feel an impetus towards political change from the Transatlantic territories whither she had sent her emigrants. Some day or other, in the same way, the millions of German Republicans living in the United States will probably affect the home politics of Germany. Whether they will do this beneficially or not, it is useless to speculate now, but for the present the stream of emigration from Germany to America seems clearly advantageous to both countries.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

M. DE LESSEPS would never have earned either a ducal title or the gratitude of humanity and the Spanish Cortes if he had not been a man of business. Holding that nothing is done while anything remains to do, he speaks not so much of the great work which is accomplished as of the impediments which seem to be offered to commerce by the Consular jurisdictions in Egypt. The practical grievances which provoke his reclamations are probably well known to the local community, and it is easy to understand that amongst adventurers of all European nations it must be inconvenient to follow every debtor and misdemeanant to his own proper tribunal. An inquiry has already been instituted into the working of the present system; and M. DE LESSEPS candidly asserts that the French Government is the chief opponent of the reform which he desires. The concession of entire sovereignty to the Egyptian or Turkish Government would undoubtedly be premature. Englishmen and Frenchmen will not submit to Eastern substitutes for justice, even

that traffic on the Canal may be encouraged. The result of the pending investigation will probably be the establishment of a single Court with jurisdiction over the subjects of European Governments; and it would be easy to refer to a special tribunal any litigation relating to the Canal which might require to be settled on the spot. Neither the VICEROY nor the SULTAN could reasonably object to a modification of the Consular system, nor would they find it easy to resist the general desire of civilized Governments. M. DE LESSEPS proved, by the stress which he laid on a trifling and temporary inconvenience, that he was satisfied with the mechanical success of his scheme. An unmanageable drift of sand would have been far more perplexing than the most complicated obstacle which could be raised by perverse legislation. When competent persons have agreed on the question of jurisdiction over aliens in Egypt, no Government will be interested in the maintenance of an anomalous arrangement; and it is certain that France will not be the last to provide facilities for the conduct of an undertaking which is principally French in conception, in execution, and in policy. No difficulty has arisen in the transit over the isthmus by railway, although troops and stores, as well as passengers and merchandize, have been allowed by the Egyptian Government to use the passage. It was perhaps with reference rather to the resident population of workmen than to the crews of passing ships that M. DE LESSEPS referred in his objection to Consular jurisdiction.

Few ceremonies can ever have been solemnized with an external effect so well proportioned to the real importance of the main transaction as the formal opening of the Canal. There was perhaps something whimsical in the benediction of a work traversing the dominions of a Mahometan Power, by a Roman Catholic prelate, who counted among his hearers the Protestant Prince of PRUSSIA; but neither the design nor the achievement was Turkish, and the ships which are to traverse the Canal will for the most part carry the flags of Christian nations. If the communication between the East and West should unfortunately at any future time become the scene of armed conflict, the quarrel will also have arisen within the limits of Christendom. The most brilliant part of the ceremonial must have been the meeting of the flotillas from the two seas in the Lake of Ismaila. In ordinary cases processions and pomps only symbolize the subject-matter of great celebrations, but in the Canal the visible show was in itself the completed purpose of the enterprise. Emperors and Empresses and Crown Princes could only be witnesses of the achievement, while they were themselves but secondary objects of attention. According to the poet, human audacity defeated, by the invention of ships, the attempt of the gods to keep distant lands apart by the interposition of the sea. If HORACE had been contemporary with M. DE LESSEPS he might have recorded the converse feat of preventing the desert from separating the seas which have long since become channels of communication. The reporters who preserve the details of remarkable ceremonies have in this instance the merit of recording minute particulars which are more interesting than the enumeration of costumes and of salutes. According to one telegraphic despatch the fêtes had been brilliantly successful, and the banks of the Canal had been considerably damaged. M. DE LESSEPS would perhaps have preferred that the banks should have proved solid, and that the dinners and balls should have been duller. The largest vessel in the procession from the Mediterranean was a Russian corvette with a draught of 17 feet 2 inches. If the channel from Ismaila to Suez is equally deep, it is proved that large vessels, though not the largest, may already traverse the Canal from one sea to the other. It will be important to ascertain whether there is any natural limit to the depth of the channel. When harbours are constructed in tidal rivers and seas, it is found that there is a limit of depth which is determined by the formation of the ground and the set of the currents. In the tideless waters at either end of the Canal the depth may perhaps depend merely on labour and on outlay. It will be a serious disadvantage to trade if the large merchant ships of the present day are placed, by the limited capacity of the Canal, at a disadvantage in competing with an inferior class of vessels. The warmest partisans of the narrow gauge would never have proposed to insert a short length of their favourite kind of railway in the middle of a broad-gauge line.

The calculations by which it is shown that the Canal can never pay a dividend to the shareholders are plausible, and probably sound; but, whatever may be the profits of the undertaking, it will be maintained if it is found to afford important advantages to commerce. By far the largest proprietor is the Viceroy of EGYPT, who will be compelled to acquiesce

in the loss of his money if there is no interest forthcoming on his outlay. If there is the smallest margin of profit after paying the working expenses, the creditors, if not the preference shareholders, will have an interest in keeping the Canal open; and in the not improbable contingency of an expenditure for repairs which might exceed the tolls, the French Government will probably, on certain conditions, be ready to supply the deficiency. The enormous subsidy which is paid to maintain the ships of the *Messageries Impériales* is expended, not in commercial speculation, but for the purpose of providing a service of steam-vessels, and that the maritime reputation of France may be increased in the Indian and Chinese seas. It was almost by an accident that an English Conservative Administration was prevented from transferring to France the whole postal communication between Europe and Asia; and if the French Government seeks to obtain by purchase exclusive privileges in the Suez Canal, it may be doubted whether any opposition will be offered by England. The traffic will bear a heavy toll in consideration of the shortening of distance between the Straits of Gibraltar and the ports of India; and ships coming from the Mediterranean or the Black Sea will profit still more largely by the use of the Canal. It is said that a Liverpool Company is already building ships with a small draught of water for the express purpose of running to China by way of Suez. If the most valuable cargoes, such as tea, silk, and spice, are sent by way of the Canal, the profits of the trade by the Cape will be proportionately diminished.

The only new competition with England which is to be feared at present will be confined to Trieste and Marseilles. Odessa, Brindisi, and Algiers may be conveniently situated for the Eastern trade, but scarcely any one of these ports has anything at its back. Milford Haven is perhaps the best harbour in Great Britain, but it is empty because there is nothing in its neighbourhood to buy or to sell. There is no demand at Bombay for Russian corn, or at Odessa for silk and cotton. The overland tea trade to Russia may perhaps in time be transferred to the Suez Canal, but the change would not deprive English vessels of any freight which they have hitherto received. Continental theorists have often forgotten that, whether in domestic or foreign bottoms, the trade between England and India must traverse the entire distance between the terminal ports. The most serious competition will be that of small vessels against large, and experience will prove whether the shorter voyage is an equivalent for the diminution of tonnage and for the increased consumption of coal. Twenty years ago the Canal would have accommodated only a small portion of the trade, but the general use of auxiliary screws renders Red Sea voyages more practicable. It is fortunate that the commanding position of Aden was occupied before the neighbouring sea became a great highway of commerce. It would scarcely have been possible to establish a stronghold in the Red Sea, in opposition to the jealousy which would have been excited after the construction of the Canal. It is not improbable that Aden may now become a commercial dépôt, as well as a fortress; nor is it improbable that ports will be opened on the opposite coast of Africa. It may be assumed that M. DE LESSERS has ascertained that the Canal can be kept open.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

IT is a great comfort to hear from the Duke of ARGYLL that he and his colleagues are not at all out of spirits. On the contrary, they are as jolly as sandboys, and like the state of things. The LORD MAYOR referred to the speech made a week or two ago by Mr. GLADSTONE, and said that he was not surprised the PRIME MINISTER should be a little depressed. He even thought it complimentary to say that this depression was extremely natural in persons charged with the government of Ireland, but that he firmly believed the Ministry had the best possible intentions. The representative of its Cabinet, however, immediately corrected the mistake. The Ministry generally, and Mr. GLADSTONE in particular, never were in better spirits. Everything is going on to their satisfaction. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. GLADSTONE's spirits preserved their unruffled calm when the newspaper that brought him the report of this buoyant effusion of the Duke of ARGYLL also brought him the news that a Fenian convict has been placed at the head of the poll for an Irish county. The state of Ireland is surely enough to make, not only a Prime Minister, but every reflecting Englishman, very sad and very alarmed. When Mr. GLADSTONE spoke at Guildhall, he seemed to be overcome by the thought of the difficulties he would have to encounter in framing an Irish Land Bill. It was natural to

suppose that this was merely his way of talking, and that it was a piece of superabundant modesty to affect hesitation as to his power of framing a satisfactory measure. But it must be acknowledged that subsequent events have shown that there was something in the state of Ireland which was enough to make him honestly anxious, and the existence of which may probably have been known to the head of the Government, with the means of information at his command, before it revealed itself to the public. The Duke of ARGYLL does not probably attend to a matter so completely out of his department as the state of Ireland, but when he has a little recovered from the elation with which the deficit in the Indian revenue has recently inspired him, he will perhaps bestow some consideration on a subject which is full of painful interest to ordinary Englishmen. For one evening, however, he had his own jovial way; and while he could answer confidently for the light-hearted ease of Mr. GLADSTONE, he revelled in his own special sunbeam of a trifling miscalculation of a million or two in the Indian revenue. When Duke of BRABANT, the King of the BELGIANS visited India, and not only is he the only European sovereign who has been there, but he made such good use of his opportunities that, as the Duke assured his hearers, HIS MAJESTY even now knows much more about India than most Englishmen. His superior acquaintance with Indian affairs naturally marked him out as the proper person to be informed that Indian finance is all right, and that the SECRETARY OF STATE is not in the least disquieted by finding that the Indian authorities, on whom he has relied for the statements he has made in Parliament, have made blunder on blunder, have entirely misinformed him, and cannot do sums in simple addition. Public evils are always of relative magnitude. It is certainly a much less evil that a Financial Minister should spend money recklessly, and keep his accounts badly, than that there should be no money in the country for him to spend. India is not ruined, and has a most handsome revenue for officials to make mistakes about. But it would repress the exuberance of an ordinary Secretary of State to find that in his department great blunders have been made, that the public credit can only be maintained by sudden and sharp measures, that works of great utility must be abandoned or suspended, and that reductions must be made which will cause bitter disappointment to many honest and able men, and which will probably entail considerable privation and much anxiety in many striving and struggling families.

The special reason which the Duke of ARGYLL gave why Mr. GLADSTONE could not be depressed was that he trusted his countrymen. If this means that England will not easily be turned aside from passing a large and just Irish Land Bill because the worst part of the Irish nation treats Parliament with contempt, and the Crown with insult, he is, we hope, right. It will make it difficult for the Ministry to put their case in the most favourable light, that the nation they are benefiting is showing such open lawlessness and enmity to England; but still, if once the Liberal constituencies are convinced that the proposed measure is just, they will not lightly allow themselves to be kept from the path of acknowledged justice. Mr. GLADSTONE's countrymen can do much for him, for they can support him if he adheres in a very trying crisis to a calm, prudent, statesmanlike policy. So far the Duke of ARGYLL might have said there was much to cheer the gloom which any one else would have felt. Nor—if that is the first thing in Ministerial minds—is there, so far as can be seen at present, much danger to the Government, as a Government, from Irish disaffection. There is a most praiseworthy reluctance in English politicians of all parties to change the Executive at the moment of a great peril, and the nation would hesitate long before it allowed Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HARDY to govern Ireland, instead of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. The Government might almost make as many mistakes as the Duke of ARGYLL's financial subordinates without running any serious risk of being turned out. The Ministry too, although grieved that the Irish Church Bill has not done anything to pacify Ireland, might school themselves to bear the disappointment. They did not expect to reap an immediate reward when they did an act of simple justice; nor did they or any one else ever pretend that the grievance of the Irish Church pressed very hardly on the minds of Irish peasants. The Irish Church had to have its position altered, because that position was wrong in itself, and because, as England had learnt to think it wrong, it could not seriously address itself to the difficult task of governing Ireland until it had cleared its conscience. It is much more startling to find that the Irish populace has already decided that it will be utterly indifferent to any Bill that may be passed with reference to the land, for we were always

told that what Irishmen really cared about was the land, not the Church. The Amnesty agitators, who, under the shelter of English law, parade their inextinguishable hatred of English government, now denounce the farmers and their fixity of tenure as egotists, boring the noble sons of anarchy with a foolish, worn-out formula. This is vexatious and alarming; but still if it were to be regarded as the LORD MAYOR regarded it, as a matter affecting the feelings, because disappointing the hopes, of the Ministers, it would be endurable; and if any Minister chose, like the Duke of ARGYLL, to bear it with a radiant grin on his face, there would not be much occasion for criticism. But what is truly sad in the present state of Ireland is that the evil is one, not of the feelings of men dwelling in safety, nor an evil in which the countrymen of Mr. GLADSTONE can give him effectual help, nor one that can be averted or ended by any mere Ministerial strength of the Government. It is an evil pressing and actual, most difficult to deal with, and yet which the Ministry must strive to overcome, unless it utterly renounces its duty.

What, we should imagine, would make the state of Ireland most painful to a mind sensitive, kindly, and apprehensive, as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, is that he has a duty cast on him without any clear indication being afforded him as to how this duty is to be fulfilled. The tough Scotch heart of the Duke of ARGYLL may remain impervious to any disquietude from such a source; and, undoubtedly, when we read or hear of Ireland, much the most comfortable line is to fall into the Duke's view, to say that we are very sorry, but do not see that anything in particular can be done, and so we had better attend to something else. But a Prime Minister with any sense of responsibility cannot permit himself to slide into this state of happy indifference. If he can bear to see the law paralysed, Government contemned, the Crown insulted, and society plunged into all the horrors of barbarism, yet he cannot be deaf to the cries of the wounded and the dying, nor remain unmoved by the appeal of the hundreds of Irish families which rise every morning with the awful aching fear lest, before the evening closes over them, one of their number may have been brutally murdered. This is the primary malady of Ireland, but it is an evil of at least the second degree that no one knows whether in any action of life the law can protect him, whether it is safe to discharge any official duty, to attend any public meeting, or to give an honest verdict. The mind, too, of the nation is getting demoralized by seeing what can be done with impunity. Disaffection spreads because disaffection is unrebuked, and the humble Irish are gliding into rebellion because the cause of rebellion seems to them the winning one. They believe that by a sufficiently violent disregard of the law they can get their convict friends out of prison, and they are determined that it shall not be for want of howling and shrieking and spouting that their gallant patriots are detained in prison. This is all bad enough, and is quite enough to make Mr. GLADSTONE sad; but the prime cause of melancholy is that the Government must find it so difficult to do anything. It is all very well to talk of strengthening the military force in Ireland, but at present there is no excuse for using a military force, and if there were, bloodshed between the military and the people is a terrible calamity. The people would of course be easily subdued, but it is the very ease with which they would be subdued that would constitute their grievance. The thought would rankle in their hearts that defenceless men had been cut down by the swords or slain by the bullets of a merciless alien soldiery. The police are beaten by the extent and wildness of the country, and by the unanimity with which all classes of the population, except the gentry, combine in baffling the law. If a crime is committed, it is almost impossible to find even any one to accuse; if any one is accused, it is almost impossible to get any witnesses against him; even if sufficient evidence is procured, the jury will not convict. Witnesses and jurymen live under a reign of terror, and dare not do their duty. If the trial is removed into another county, the Government seems afraid of the law, and the people who would be the first to defeat the law are also the first to complain that it does not run on in the usual course for them to defeat it. To dispense with trial by jury is totally impossible, and no Ministry would think of proposing to Parliament to authorize it. It would virtually amount to declaring Ireland in a state of siege; and as CAVOUR said, any fools can govern with a state of siege; statesmen worthy of the name govern without it. It is very difficult to say what the Government can do except that it certainly could prosecute the seditious publications which teem from the Dublin press, and are read in every cottage and on every hillside in the country districts. They could also, it might be thought, prosecute with some chance of suc-

cess the leaders in the frequent riots which take place in broad day, and under the eyes of the police; and possibly when Parliament meets it may be advisable to ask for the revival of the temporary clauses of the Treason-Felony Act as to seditious words. The time seems to have come when the Government must venture on asserting and proving that it exists, and an English Government can only employ the faint and ineffectual means of doing this which the exercise of legal remedies provides. This will, we fear, fall short of the need of the case, although to go further might be wrong; but to see so great a need for action, and so small an opportunity of meeting that need, would blunt the joviality and lower the spirits of men constituted differently from the SECRETARY for INDIA.

M. ROCHEFORT'S ELECTION

IF M. ROCHEFORT's vanity is of that voracious order which can feed on publicity of any and every kind, he must be thoroughly contented with his position. At this moment he is the best talked-of man in Europe. The more profound is the contempt people feel for his character and antecedents, the more are they exercised to account for the fact of his election. It is discussed in its relation to Paris, to France, to the EMPEROR, to the Third Party, to the Left, to the Irreconcilables. Those who think him really dangerous are perhaps few, but this admission does but make the problem why he was returned a degree or two harder to work out. If M. ROCHEFORT were a DANTON or a MARAT his popularity would be intelligible, for even the warmest supporters of the Empire do not profess to wonder that the First Circumscription has returned a champion of revolution. It is his shortcomings that make the puzzle. Why does any section of Paris prefer to be represented by a man whose only claim to their confidence is a tongue of indiscriminating scurrility? To say that it is because they could find no else one so personally obnoxious to the EMPEROR is to give a very stale answer, but nothing else presents itself. Even then we are confronted with the singular fact that Paris, so far as it is represented by the electors of the First Circumscription, hates the EMPEROR more than it loves revolution. Not one probably of M. ROCHEFORT's friends believes that he will do any service to the cause he adheres to. Nature seems to have made him equally ill adapted for the tribune and the barricade. He cannot speak, and there is no reason to suppose that he is particularly good at fighting. He has been elected solely for the sake of his laurels, and these have all been won in the printing-office of a libellous pamphlet and an equally libellous newspaper. To some minds this will appear an encouraging symptom for France; to us it seems the exact contrary. If M. LEDRU ROLLIN or M. LOUIS BLANC were the idol of the Parisian populace, it might be possible to predict the course of events. The Socialist Republic has definite and avowed aims, and, mischievous and visionary as some of these are, they still belong to the political order. Those who profess them are men who can be attacked by argument, and who make a show at least of using arguments in return. We are far from saying that their triumph might not be a great disaster for France, and perhaps for Europe, but it would still be a disaster to be foreseen and provided against, and perhaps to some extent to be averted. There are Socialists and Socialists, and of some of them it may possibly be said hereafter that their bark was worse than their bite, their practical legislation less mischievous than their theories promised. But the choice of M. ROCHEFORT symbolizes a state of mind which does not lend itself to prediction. It is a case in which to be forewarned is not to be forearmed. There is no saying what these 17,000 voters will or will not do. All that is known of them is that they are dominated—unless their acts wholly belie them—by a blind fury which takes no account of consequences, is absolutely indifferent to the means it uses, and has no scruples as to the ends to which it turns them. If such a constituency could be isolated from its fellows, no great harm could come of this peculiar temper. But, instead of being isolated, it is surrounded on every side by revolutionary elements. It may be true that MM. CREMIEUX and ARAGO are only moderate democrats—moderate, that is, in a sense which comprehends MM. BANCEL and GAMBETTA. But who shall say to what lengths both they and the electors who have returned them may not be driven by the mere neighbourhood of more extreme men than themselves? The moderate element in a party does not always control and win over the violent element; more often the violent element dominates, and drags after it, the moderate. So long as order is undisturbed and the conflict confined within the walls of the Corps Législatif, the Parliamentary

Left will be men of importance, and M. ROCHEFORT will be nothing. M. ROCHEFORT himself is not likely to be very formidable even beyond those limits, but the voters who have returned him may not be equally innocuous. When the Left is hesitating between an appeal to revolution and the continued maintenance of an arduous and discouraging struggle under constitutional conditions, the scale may be turned on the side of the former course by what is by comparison but a fraction of Paris, provided it be resolute, united, and reckless. It is the fable of the bundle of sticks over again, with the difference that the sticks are lucifer matches, and that they are tied together over a barrel of gunpowder.

The question of most immediate interest is the effect the elections will produce on the EMPEROR's own mind. They have told him plainly enough that Paris loves him no better in November than she did in May. If he has cherished any illusion on this point, any hope that the lesson of the spring elections had been misread, and the implacability of the capital exaggerated, it is dispelled now. But, unfortunately, more than one inference may be drawn from this fact, and on the choice the EMPEROR makes between them the future of France may in a great measure depend. Advisers will not be wanting to point the moral that all the concessions of the summer have been thrown away. You thought, they will tell him, that by making friends with the moderate Opposition you could silence the Irreconcilables—and how far you have succeeded may be judged from M. ROCHEFORT's election. But if the grant of what are called reasonable reforms enlists no one on your side but the Third Party, is the gain worth the sacrifice? You are not afraid that M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER will head an insurrection; the object of your intermittent coquetries with him has been to conciliate, or at least disarm, men whom you could approach in no more direct way. Now that this scheme has failed, why persist in trying it any longer? Let the Third Party understand that they must make their choice between the Empire and revolution, and you will find them as submissive as ever. They have grown riotous because you allowed them to fancy that the control of the situation was in their hands. When once they see that it must rest either with you or with a Provisional Government, their newly-born importance will die a natural and speedy death. It can hardly be denied that this reasoning is not unlikely to commend itself to NAPOLEON III. It jumps with his known disbelief in Parliamentary government, with his undisguised dislike of the position of a constitutional sovereign. It will come from those whom he trusts—if he trusts anybody—from those who have served him faithfully, as despots count faithfulness. He may take the advice, refuse to make any further concessions, neutralize and explain away those he has made, concentrate more troops round Paris, and challenge the Revolution to do its worst. On the other hand, he may read the meaning of the elections differently. He may remember that in May there were some acute observers who held that many of the votes cast for the Irreconcilable candidates were given by men who merely wished to give Personal Government a warning which it could not mistake. They may have been right or wrong in thus thinking, but the theory cannot be said to have been falsified by anything that has happened since. If Personal Government has been abandoned in name, it has been maintained in fact. The EMPEROR's Ministers may not be the men he would most like to have about him, but they hold their offices by no other tenure than his arbitrary decree. They represent no party in the Corps Législatif, they are supported by no following in the country, they are identified with no policy—except in the case of M. FORCADE DE LA ROQUETTE, who is identified with all the most obnoxious features of the former system—they are simply the EMPEROR's nominees. It may be said, no doubt, that it is avowedly a transition Ministry, that only last week there was every probability that it would be reconstructed before the meeting of the Corps Législatif, that even now it is certain to be changed as soon as the Session has really opened. But the men who originally wished to give NAPOLEON III. a warning may fairly ask for some evidence that it has been attended to beyond the mere surmises of ingenious journalists. The wilful prorogation of the Corps Législatif, the still more wilful postponement of its re-opening, are perfectly consistent with the theory that the EMPEROR is only playing with his subjects. Till he puts the honesty of his intentions beyond question, he cannot expect to convert unbelievers. The experiment of concession has not yet been fairly tried, and therefore, whatever may be our suspicions, it cannot yet be pronounced a failure.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF INDIAN PRECEDENTS.

THE publication of an interesting volume on *Irish Land* by Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, a distinguished Anglo-Indian public servant who several years ago wrote on *Modern India* one of the few accounts of the country which have been widely read, raises the question whether a man of Indian training is entitled to speak with exceptional authority on the issue between landlord and tenant in Ireland. It is not absolutely necessary to master the abstruse technical information with which the inquirer about Indian tenures is overwhelmed by his Indian friends, in order to see that much is to be said in favour of the value of their experience, and a little against it. It is not to be denied that there are some curious resemblances between Ireland and India, which may be understood by going no further than the *Gazetteers*. We put aside the long subjection of the two populations to foreign rule as less significant than the fact that in both countries the people live almost exclusively on the produce of a soil barely sufficient to sustain their numbers. It is true that India is said to include much waste land, but a recent writer has explained that this so-called waste is really Village land which for the moment is incapable of cultivation; and further, the refusal of the vast majority of Hindoos to eat animal food, or even vegetable products to which they are unaccustomed, produces precisely the same effect as if the area of the country or its fertility were proportionately diminished. Indeed, so far as regards the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, it probably threatens to become severer in India than in Ireland, since of the checks on multiplication which were formerly active—war, pestilence, and famine—one has virtually disappeared, and the others have greatly lost intensity under the British dominion. In a country so circumstanced wise rulers must have been early driven to look for expedients for securing the equitable distribution of the products of the soil among the various classes of a population which entirely depended upon it. We believe there is an eccentric school which holds that the end is best attained by creating landlords, and giving them the power of rackrenting their tenants; but this purely British contrivance seems strangely out of place in a country where the conditions which render it occasionally tolerable are wholly wanting, where emigration is a deadly sin, and where industrial employment is steadily diminishing through the competition of Lancashire and the dearth of coal. In fact the greatest distinction of the founders of the British Indian Empire, though not the one most generally recognised, was that from the first they perceived the chief problem before them to be the creation of an equitable land-law. They made all sorts of false steps and tried many contradictory experiments, but they never abandoned the attempt, and shook themselves singularly free from subjection to English precedents. The one apparent exception to this freedom from bias—the Permanent Settlement of Lower Bengal—had originally much less of the character commonly attributed to it than is supposed. For it was against the Government that Lord CORNWALLIS endeavoured to create the ownership of land, not as against the peasantry. As has been correctly stated by a contemporary, he expressly pledged himself to legislate for the protection of the tenant-cultivators.

It is obvious that the successes and failures of Englishmen who for nearly a century have been striving to place a country which exhibits so many of the conditions of Ireland under an equitable land-law must have very considerable interest and value at the present juncture. The deductions which have to be made from the usefulness of their experience arise from the simple fact that Ireland is close to England, and India many thousand miles away. The English land-system has certainly exercised some influence over Indian theories, but there has been nothing in India like its steady, continuous, iron pressure upon Irish practice. The bewildered reader of Anglo-Indian treatises on native tenures learns this at least, that the law of the land in India has no history which can be compared with that of real property in Ireland. He finds, indeed, two schools of writers vehemently disputing whether the relation of landlord and tenant existed at all in purely native societies, and whether, if it existed, its incidents at all resembled those of ownership in the Western world. But, as he gradually discovers that the inquiry is conducted much in the spirit of our excellent contemporary *Notes and Queries*, and that the criteria of proof are such as are better adapted to satisfy an antiquary than a statesman, he feels little inclination to side with either party, and concludes, from differences of opinion which are evidently honest, that the looseness and vagueness of the native usages, or rather ideas about usages, of which the writers treat, were such as to

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suggest opposite conclusions to inquirers of equal good faith. But it is needless to say that in Ireland the law has been settled for centuries, and that the acts done and the engagements entered into through confidence in the law have been almost innumerable. In the case of India there was, for all the practical purposes of the statesman, *tabula rasa*, while in Ireland the board is marked and scored in every direction. Even if classes more or less resembling landlords and tenants existed in India before the British governed it, the numerous forms of property which in Ireland owe their origin to the contracts and engagements of the landlord were unknown, and indeed inconceivable, in native Indian society; and it is the rights growing out of these forms of property, even more than the mere rights of the landlord, which constitute the knot of the Irish difficulty.

It is further to be observed that Indian Governments are placed under a special moral obligation to regulate the relation of landlord and tenant, which is far more difficult to disregard than all the evidences of Irish discontent together. The British Indian Government, it is well known, inherits from its predecessors the right to take a share of the rent or revenue of cultivated land, which in most of India is not thought immoderate if it amounts to a half. It has sometimes been a question whether this share of the profits of the soil should be called a rent or a tax, but the dispute is purely verbal, since, but for the claim of the Government, its share would clearly accrue to somebody in the form of rent. The Indian Government is thus practically a co-owner of every landed estate in its territories, not (so far as the bulk of the country is concerned) the mere holder of a charge like a mortgagee, but the owner of a varying proportion of the profits, which is periodically settled by its own will. Now it has frequently been denied that Governments can usefully interfere between landlord and tenant, but nobody, so far as we are aware, has ever contended that landlords ought to wash their hands of the concerns of their own tenantry, or that they are justified in handing over to the holders of a joint interest the whole of the responsibilities of ownership. Such neglect would be inexcusable in a man of private station; in an all-powerful Government it would be baseness itself. The fact that the British Government actively exercises a right of ownership over the soil of India, and that it can only discharge the duty which corresponds to the right by acts of legislation, establishes at once a radical difference between Indian enactments protective of tenants, and any measure for altering proprietary relations in Ireland which Parliament may entertain.

PRUSSIAN ADMINISTRATION.

THE Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* has lately given an instructive account of the local administration of Prussia. The present MINISTER of the INTERIOR has introduced a Bill for the purpose both of enlarging the functions of the bodies which represent the Circles, or Counties, and of modifying their constitution. In Prussia, as in all other countries, there is an increasing tendency to restrict the privileges attaching to property, and to reduce all electoral franchises; but the changes which are at present projected by the Government are, as might be expected, not revolutionary. The *Kreistage*, or County Sessions, are constituted exactly in the same manner as English County Roads Boards. The larger landowners, who according to English custom would, as Justices of the Peace, be official members, sit in the same assembly with the elected representatives of the small freeholders; but the Prussian owners of knights' fees, although they possess less than half the land, form an overwhelming majority of the entire body. The tenant-farmers, who in some cases divide with the landlords in England the administration of rural affairs, are in the Prussian provinces few in number and insignificant in influence. The small freeholders are probably both more independent and more jealous of their richer neighbours. The Ministerial Bill provides for the substitution of elected members for the larger landowners who have hitherto sat in the County Assemblies in their own right. The number of members for the peasant portion of the constituency is to be increased, but the representatives of the gentry will still form a majority of the whole body. The reorganized Sessions are to be entrusted with the general management of roads, and of other matters which properly belong to local administration; and it may be presumed that the powers of the officers who represent the Central Government will be proportionately reduced. In any other part of Europe a transfer of powers from Government functionaries to local assemblies would be regarded as a liberal measure; but it happens that in

Prussia the agents of the Government have enjoyed considerable independence, and that they have been generally popular. The official class was prominent, during the earlier Parliamentary struggles of the present reign, in its opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of the Crown. The landed gentry exercised far less political power, and they were more reactionary than the Civil Service. When the system was established by FREDERICK WILLIAM, who owes much of his reputation to the success of the experiment, it was wholly unnecessary to provide against any antagonism of Royal nominees to the Crown. The KING was resolved to crush the power of the local aristocracy, both in the interest of his own prerogative and under the influence of a sincere desire to secure good government to the people. The eighteenth century was throughout the Continent an era of despotic reaction against feudal privileges and immunities. FREDERICK WILLIAM followed the example of LOUIS XIV., and he furnished a precedent to his own son, to CHARLES III. of Spain, and to JOSEPH II. of Austria. Nothing was further from the intention either of FREDERICK WILLIAM or of FREDERICK the GREAT than to create a nucleus of independence and of liberty; but fortunately they had to deal, not with Frenchmen or with Spaniards, but with conscientious and enlightened Germans. It happened that, like LOUIS XIV., they combined, with their contempt and hatred for hereditary claims to political power, a superstitious belief in the indefeasible right of the nobility to social superiority. As the French King sneered at the pretensions of LOUVOIS to rank with the higher aristocracy, the rulers of Prussia rigorously excluded the middle classes from military preferment. By an undesigned compromise the titled gentry took possession of the army while Landraths and Hofraths and University Professors carried on the civil administration. In their own departments the officers of the Government were always sustained by supreme authority, and the corporate character which their body gradually assumed was viewed without disfavour. Men of family, such as STEIN, who from time to time entered the ranks of the administration, were compelled to be as industrious and efficient as their humbler colleagues, although perhaps they received more than their share of promotion. The Prussian Civil Service has, notwithstanding great and obvious differences, resembled in some respects the mediæval Church, which, recruited from all classes of the community, was actuated by a professional spirit of its own. There was fortunately no bureaucratic Pope to divide with the Crown the allegiance of the official hierarchy; and the nation, in the absence of political agitation, readily recognised the members of the ruling order as its natural representatives. In North Germany, as in other parts of the Continent, the nobility had the misfortune of being a caste. In England alone the lucky accident by which cadets were classed as commoners enabled the aristocracy to compete with the middle classes in activity, and to distance them in the art of jobbery.

The landed gentry of the Prussian provinces possess a large and perhaps excessive share of the insignificant powers which are vested in the Sessions of the Circles. It is possible that the concessions offered by the MINISTER of the INTERIOR to the local Assemblies may be intended as encroachments on the power of the Civil Service. The late KING, whose attachment to his own prerogative was tempered by a sentimental love of feudal antiquity, endeavoured, with little success, to restore the vitality of the Provincial Diets. Assemblies consisting mainly of members of the privileged class were necessarily unpopular, and the scheme fell once more into desuetude when a Parliamentary Constitution was established. It may be safely assumed that future efforts in the same direction will likewise result in failure. The Civil Service, which in France and elsewhere has often proved too strong for representative bodies, has in Prussia allied itself with the constitutional party; and it has largely contributed to the efficiency of the House of Deputies. The leaders of the Opposition have been judges, commissioners, and councillors, already accustomed to administer the details of government, and not idle and inexperienced declaimers, or briefless lawyers in quest of office. If Englishmen were in the habit of reading the Parliamentary debates of Berlin, they would appreciate the practice of appealing to law, to history, and to experience, and the absence of all reference to the first principles or barren generalizations which delight theoretical rhetoricians. It has often and justly been said that political aptitude is generally diffused in England by familiarity with local business; and the same advantage is enjoyed by public functionaries in Prussia. The civil servants of the Crown are also so far truly representative that they are

chosen, not because they echo the passions of their constituents, but as their habitual governors in ordinary life. No Parliament can long exercise sovereign power which is not to some extent composed of the persons who already exercise subordinate authority. Universal suffrage is guided by a sounder instinct when it selects the natural chiefs of society than when it deliberately undertakes the function of appointing political representatives. Members of the American Congress stand lower in general estimation than the principal citizens in their respective districts. Count BISMARCK, before he recognised the convenience of being on good terms with the House of Deputies, was in the habit of ridiculing the pretensions of Professors and Town Clerks to place themselves on a level with independent members of an English House of Commons; but a country, whether it happens to be governed by squires or by clerks, ought in either case to be represented by the ruling class. The Prussian nobility have made a disadvantageous bargain for themselves in retaining exclusive and ornamental privileges at the cost of chronic unpopularity and of political helplessness. Their House of Lords exercises no real power, and its reactionary tendencies constantly provoke popular dislike. If the Sessions which are mainly controlled by the landed gentry acquire additional powers, the small proprietors will probably agitate for a restoration of official management. Some Ministers, indeed, have lately attempted to convert the members of the Civil Service into political agents, after the model of French Prefects and Mayors. Between a local potentate and an official instrument of the Minister of the day the population would probably suspend the balance of dislike. If country gentlemen are really trusted by their neighbours, they are by far the cheapest administrators and perhaps the best. In Prussia the civil servants of the Crown have generally been preferred. The country has been for many years well and frugally governed; and the new-born desire for liberty and political activity might, by sagacious legislators, be reconciled with the spirit of existing institutions. It is remarkable that, during all the conflicts of the present reign, not a single demagogue has attained to power.

MR. GOSCHEN'S MINUTE.

MR. GOSCHEN'S recently-published Minute fully deserves the general favour with which it has been received. It is a serious attempt to let light into the chaotic entanglements of our methods of relieving the poor; and when light has been once admitted, we may hope that order will gradually follow. It comes, too, in good time to help forward the movement for the organization of charity which is at last attracting some attention. The principles which he has laid down are sound and unequivocal, and by following them out to their legitimate consequences we may hope to arrive at some sort of system in our dealings with destitution. No reasonable or humane man can be blind to the serious danger of the existing state of things. The mass of helpless and hopeless poverty has of late been steadily increasing throughout the most populous districts of the country; there is daily a heavier pressure upon our resources, and a harder struggle for those who are just above the margin of pauperism. The importance of arresting this tendency is undeniable; but for the most part we content ourselves with occasional outbursts of spasmodic indignation against some special case of hardship, and then try to forget all about so disagreeable a subject. The task before us, which is, to say the least, of equal importance with many of those which occupy twice as much space in public attention, is to look at the evil calmly and comprehensively, and then to take measures for directing the great current of benevolence, which at present often runs to waste and often does positive harm, in such a manner as to produce the greatest possible permanent effect.

The first step is obviously to get rid of the existing conflict between the voluntary and compulsory systems of charity. We have decided, rightly or wrongly—and there is no present prospect of the reversal of our decision—that nobody is to be allowed to starve. When a man has sunk to the bottom of the social scale he has a legal right to be supported at the public expense. Starting from this fundamental principle, it follows that there are obvious limits to the relief thus afforded. Mr. GOSCHEN points out the unanswerable reasons for confining Poor-law relief to cases of absolute destitution. If we once admitted that it might be given, not only to those who have nothing but to those who have not enough, there would be no reason why the whole population should not be pauperized. Any system of Poor-law relief must necessarily tell to some degree against the virtues of thrift and self-reliance. It has been urged that relief may

safely be given to cases of sickness, because no one would become ill in order to be supported in a hospital; but it is plain that even such relief is a distinct discouragement to the habit of saving in times of health a sufficient provision for times of illness. This objection, which is in fact inseparable from any legal system of relief whatever, becomes fatal when the system is extended beyond certain narrow and well-defined limits. In short, it is of the very essence of a Poor-law that it should work like a piece of cast-iron machinery, on inflexible and unalterable principles. No discretion beyond the very narrowest can be allowed to its officials, and they must be compelled, as well as empowered, to give the most unequivocal negative to any applications outside a certain definite category.

At the same time it is obvious that relief administered on such a principle is often of necessity ineffectual. There are many cases, for example, in which relief afforded on liberal terms to persons still struggling above the brink of pauperism may be of the highest value. A man may be transferred, as Canon GIRDLESTONE has proved, to districts where wages are higher, and where he will be able to find permanent support. He may be lifted out of some temporary difficulty and put above the danger of relapse. To keep a man's head just above water for an indefinite time may be a very questionable kindness; but if he is placed once for all on dry land, he may be made for the rest of his life a help instead of a drag upon the prosperity of his fellows. This, then, suggests one obvious distinction between the spheres of voluntary effort and public charity. It is the merit of the one that, if judiciously administered, it will discriminate between different cases, and give to each individual precisely that kind of assistance which is likely to produce the most lasting benefits. It is a necessary part of the other that it should proceed on an unbending system, and apply to every applicant some self-acting test which allows of no modification, and treat everybody on exactly the same terms. The Poor-law endeavours to stop a man's descent towards starvation at a certain very low point, but it is neither possible nor desirable that it should try to lift him to a higher position. It does not give him a helping hand, but opposes a dead barrier to his fall. Without further illustration, it is obvious that two systems directed to similar purposes, but necessarily guided by different principles, should if possible be brought to co-operate. Each can do what the other necessarily leaves undone. At present there is too often a conflict, and there is never any security against a conflict. If a clergyman or other charitable almoner gives assistance to a poor man, the parish naturally diminishes its relief by the same amount. The person assisted is no better off, and charity is wasted by coming simply in aid of the poor-rates. If, on the other hand, the charity thus given is concealed, the parish is cheated, and the pauper is demoralized. On such a system the most worthless of the poor manage to get more than their full share of help, and the deserving, who are too proud to complain, are left to starve unaided.

Without altering in any way the existing systems either of charity or of the Poor-law, a great deal may obviously be done to remedy these evils. It is the more desirable to insist upon this, because it is to be feared that some misconception exists upon the point. The various societies which are now spreading through the metropolis have to encounter some natural jealousy. We have seen suggestions that they would produce "a standing army of paupers," and some of the clergy seem to think that they are intended to interfere with the existing system of district-visiting. If the societies are carried on upon the principles indicated in Mr. GOSCHEN'S minute, nothing can be further from the point. There is no reason why they should lead to the expenditure of a single additional penny in charity—except indeed by affording some security that money so spent will not be wasted—nor interfere in the smallest degree with any existing system, except by pointing out where it is working injuriously. Their first object should be to enable everybody engaged in administering relief to know what other people are doing. Supposing Mr. GOSCHEN'S plan to be carried out, there will be a public registering office in every union, where lists will be kept of all the persons in receipt of parochial relief, and similar lists of the operations of all charitable societies within the district. The carrying out of this plan would at once do away with one great source of difficulty; it would enable the various operations to be combined, instead of clashing and perplexing each other in the dark; and it would afford information which is at present unattainable, but which would be of the most essential value to every kind of charitable body. An "account-rate dictionary or reference-book," as Mr. GOSCHEN expresses it, would be framed, which would give an authentic record of

the past history of every case. Some of the clergy, as we have said, show a jealousy of any conceivable interference with their own operations; but there are many more who confess their incompetence to investigate satisfactorily the cases that come before them, and would be only too glad to have some part of the labour taken off their hands. To them the formation of such a register would ultimately be of invaluable service, even if all existing arrangements were left entirely undisturbed. As matters stand, we are all obliged to give away money at random, and it is not surprising if such a practice is found to be rather demoralizing.

This, however, would naturally be a step to further changes of equal importance. The Guardians and the charitable Societies will be able to make a reasonable division of labour. On the one hand, charitable persons will refrain from giving money or food to families already in receipt of parochial relief, or will give such relief as may be thought desirable with a clear understanding that an equivalent shall not be deducted from the relief afforded by the parish. They will also be invited to make known to the relieving-officer any cases of destitution which may have escaped his notice. On the other hand, the Guardians will be able to devote themselves exclusively to the cases for which they are really responsible, and will have the necessary information for sending to existing charitable institutions any cases which fall more properly within their sphere. These are the terms of the supposed treaty as sketched out by Mr. GOSCHEN; but it is obvious that when once an office is established at which communication between the different bodies concerned may take place, and all available information be afforded to the persons concerned, many beneficial results may be expected to follow, which we cannot anticipate in detail. In short, the first foundation will be laid upon which to erect a thoroughly well-planned organization of charity, instead of the miserably confused and haphazard system at present in vogue. The class which happens just now to have attracted the greatest attention is that of street mendicants, because they take the most annoying advantage of our deficient modes of dealing with pauperism. It requires some strength of mind to refuse a beggar, because we have no security that, if we refuse to help him, anybody else will deal with the case. If people thoroughly understand that there is some local body capable of investigating his claims and handing him over to the proper authorities, the one great excuse for begging will be abolished. Beggars, if the most prominent evil, are certainly not the only nor the worst evil in existence. Mendicity Societies may do good service in clearing away the cloud of skirmishers which conceals the main body of real pauperism. But even if this class were abolished, there are many less conspicuous claimants upon charity whose spirit of independence is destroyed by the present want of system, and not a few who are unable to get a hearing for more genuine claims. Mr. GOSCHEN deserves every credit for having taken a first step towards bringing order out of our helpless muddle and confusion, and we hope that the Guardians and charitable institutions will take advantage of the opportunity he has suggested for making at length a first step towards a reform so essentially desirable.

THE TWELVE-DAYS' MISSION.

THERE are two aspects of the extraordinary Church Mission in London which has been going on during the present and last week, which, as they are apart from the directly religious and practical character of the movement, may be first noticed. This Mission remarkably falls in with, or rather results from, two characteristics of the age. These are the principle of association, and the democratic wave which is bearing up what are called the masses and the huge lower bulk of mankind into importance and power. The Church, like all other institutions, is affected by these two great influences, and this Mission is the practical form in which our English religion recognises them and meets them. The Mission, therefore, being in harmony with the spirit of the age, or the tendency of the times, or whatever it is to be called—that is, with facts—has at least this antecedent recommendation. It is not, like the Papal system of the day, out of gear with the world as it is. Popular education, popular science, popular art, popular politics; why not therefore popular religion? So in another light. This is the age of Societies and voluntary Associations, of Congresses and Conferences, of Committees and Boards, and Reports. What is to come of these associations? Convocation is an interesting debating society. A Church Congress brings together men of many minds and of various experiences; men combine to meet, to

talk, to exchange essays and plans and to discuss means; has not the time come, now that the machinery has been so thoroughly discussed and talked over, to set it agoing? If Church of England folk can meet without flying at each other's throats, why cannot all these combinations be directed to a common end? If they can debate in common, why not act in common? Congresses and Conventions, and Synods Provincial, Diocesan, Ruridecanal, and what not, are a mere mockery if they only show that it is possible to construct a gigantic engine which you are afraid to put in motion. In so far as the Mission provides, or attempts to provide, an answer to questions suggested by these considerations, it has undoubtedly a claim to be met in a fair spirit.

Apart too from its especial character of fulfilling a religious duty, imposed by the nature of the case on the ministers of religion, such an effort as this addresses itself in a forcible way to political and social necessities. Power is daily falling more and more throughout the civilized world into hands with which nobody can be satisfied. We may use fine phrases, and fancy all sorts of excellences in the masses and the millions; but the masses and the millions are not pleasant things unless poverty, ignorance, vice, and utter insensibility to anything higher than mere animal instincts are the whole duty of man. Even people who do not believe in religion of any sort do not dislike the police, and if education and religion have no higher purpose than to preserve our throats and spoons, anything which tries to lessen the number of active or contingent thieves and murderers at least deserves to be recognised. No doubt it is easy, with whatever taste, to make merry with the phraseology with which the Mission and its purpose was announced. A "special attack on Sin and SATAN" is the religious expression—and we suppose that religious people, like all other people, may be allowed to use their own language, or even their own terms of art—of what everybody pretends to be anxious to effect, the improvement and elevation of many thousands of people who certainly stand in need of elevation and improvement. And when it is said in a broad and *de haut en bas* fashion by bystanders that they "have no preconceived ideas on the subject," we must say that nobody can walk the streets of London or read the newspapers without having, not only preconceived ideas, but moreover very distinct and sharp conclusions, as to the evil with which the Mission, or Religion, or Ministers of Religion, claim to try to grapple.

Further, even as bystanders we cannot but see that this Mission, effectually or not, answers a taunt and meets a complaint. The Church of England is so stiff; it has lost the masses, and cannot touch them. We cannot keep a WESLEY or a WHITFIELD when we have produced them; we must leave it to Preaching Friars, or the fervent Welsh Calvinists, or the Cornish Methodists, to SPURGEONS and converted Cobblers and Revivalists, to tell upon the living world. Whatever truth or whatever exaggeration there is in this, and whether half the charm in saying it does not consist in its spitefulness, is not so much the question. They to whom it was addressed, whether in a friendly or unfriendly spirit, had a perfect right to answer it in their own way. And for the last twelve days they have given an answer, substantial or illusory we do not say, but an answer. What is remarkable is that the facts of the case reveal a really curious phenomenon. Somehow the Church of England has been, consciously or not, ripening and preparing for this or some such movement. The agents are not mere fanatics, and yet they do the work which hitherto has been done, or attempted, in the most repulsive way. We happen to have before us an announcement of Revivalist preachers some two years old, which it is instructive to compare with the ample record of what has just been done in a hundred churches of London:—

Special Services for all Classes, 7 Newcastle Street, Farringdon Street, E.C. You are affectionately invited to come and hear Addresses by the following Converted Characters:—On Monday, October 7th, Two Thieves—On Tuesday, October 8th, Two Costermongers—On Wednesday, October 9th, Two Sweeps—On Thursday, October 10th, Two Play-Actors—On Friday, October 11th, Two Cheap Jacks—On Saturday, October 12th, Two Navvies.—Meetings to commence at half-past Eight o'clock. Come Early. All Seats Free. No Collection. Meetings every Evening at half-past Eight, except Fridays. All are Invited. You will be heartily Welcome.—Yours truly in Jesus, J. A. GROOM.

For all practical purposes these thief and costermonger Revivalists, with their week of special services in October, 1867, only anticipated this Twelve Days' Mission in November, 1869. But the Navvies and Cheap Jacks of Newcastle Street are strangely replaced by the phalanx of educated preachers who have just been stirring all London. It seems as though a peculiar sort of preachers, who it was thought were impossible in our respectable Establishment, had been in training and practice for this especial work. All of a sudden a Black Knight enters

the list. The Cowley Mission Fathers may have existed, and may have preached for a long time in the slums of Oxford; but the world never heard of them. Then there is a Mr. BODY, a curate in the parish of Wolverhampton. His fame, if he had any, never got out of the Black Country. Scarcely one of these new Baptists was ever heard of ten days ago. Mr. BENNETT is almost the single man who has previously won, and not particularly as a preacher, distinction. And yet it seems that, somehow or other, with the occasion came the men; and the right sort of men. Possibly there may have been, in the scores and scores of "awakening" sermons preached lately, much to offend severe taste, or to grate against our susceptibilities, or to evoke our criticism; but our taste and our susceptibilities and our criticism are not concerned with this Mission. Some of us may not want to be awakened, and some of us do not choose to be awakened. But, as revolutions are not managed with rose-water, so Revivals are not handled in kid gloves. A Revival conducted by educated men, and, as must be the case, men specially trained and practised for the work, is the speciality of the present mission. Somehow or other this sort of Revival is a very remarkable thing in itself. Revivals are no new thing, but Revivals by this sort of instrumentality are a decided innovation. The poor, puzzled, dumb-founded writers in the *Record* tell us that WESLEY and WHITFIELD preached where they could; that the respectable old gentleman whom they affectively call "CHARLES SIMEON" preached in barns and out-houses; that Lord SHAFTESBURY and his friends invented the theatre preachings and the Exeter Hall services, which have long since died of inanition; and they might have added that American camp meetings and Scotch holy fairs had been already heard of. But what the *Record* and everybody else has to notice is that this Revival is not conducted by pious prize-fighters, or converted members of the *demi-monde*—that it has not taken the roughs to Sadler's Wells, but to church—that it has no "anxious benches," nor does it encourage hysterical devotees (as far, at least, as we know), and that Mr. BENSON, and Mr. BODY, and Mr. BENNETT, and Mr. GRAFTON, seem to be made of very different stuff, and to have had a very different training from "BERRIDGE and "NEWTON."

We certainly do not commit ourselves to anything like an entire, or indeed to any, approval of the Mission, or to any eulogy on its successes; partly because we know very little about the one, and perhaps should differ with a good many people as to the standard by which such successes should be measured. If it be urged—as in the true spirit of his school it has been urged by a correspondent of that pious and charitable journal the *Record*—that the whole of this sudden and pretended zeal for souls is a mere sham, and that the Mission is nothing more than a cloak for Ritualism, we cannot disprove this, of course; but in the interests of society there will be many ready to say that, if chasubles and genuflections do reduce the ranks of thieves and harlots, chasubles and genuflections are a very cheap and easy mode of diminishing the dangerous classes. If, as the *Record* says, they and their fathers have been for nearly a century preaching out of the very book from which the Missionaries have at last stolen a leaf, they must admit that they have been reviving to very little purpose, and that they may as well let other people take an innings. *Sic vos non vobis* might be said with far more truth by poor Father IGNATIUS and poor Mr. POOLE than by the *Record*. What has really prepared the way for such external success as has, so everybody seems to own, attended these twelve days' work, is certainly not to be attributed to the Exeter Hall Services, or to the Notting Hill evangelist and butcher, but to the experience gained in the Bishop of Oxford's local Conferences and Missions in the country towns of his diocese, and in the sermons of unlucky Mr. LYNE. The blunders, eccentricities, and extravagances of one or two persons of his sort have ripened the pear—if it is ripe.

It will be asked, What is to come of it all, supposing the Mission to have been as successful as it is said to be? What are the means to be adopted to retain this sudden and spasmodic grasp upon the irreligious? We know perhaps as little as its promoters know. All excitements are evanescent, and of course in most cases the effects will be transient. The objection, such as it is, goes much further. Christianity—Islam—Buddhism, all won more at first than they have been enabled to retain. Religion labours under, and has often always yielded to, the very same difficulties which attend Revivalism. Preaching epidemics are epidemics, and die off. The condition is a common one to almost all reforms. The promoters of the Mission, if we may give them credit for common sense, do not suppose that they are going to change all London by a religious *coup de main*. They do something,

only they do it in an extraordinary and emphatic way; and anyhow they preach conversion without the aid of soup and coal-and-bread tickets. They have, it is said, one word for SATAN and two for themselves; they are, it may be, in common with all religious and many irreligious men, horrified by the sight of society as it is, but they want to recommend Ritualism and the Confessional. No doubt they do; but if they do not choose to do a certain work without Ritualism and Confession, they may at least claim the permission to pursue with these adjuncts the very same end which other people pursue without them. Of a vast deal of Ritualism, and at any rate of that Ritualism which begins and ends in furniture and decoration, we and most sensible people have expressed our judgment; but this is a Ritualism which does not end in incense and gilded vestments. And the objection about the Confessional comes with a bad grace from those who are constantly deploring the treatment which WESLEY received—WESLEY, the strength of whose practical system is the Confessional, and whose administrative system is only another form of the principles of the Jesuit Society.

One consideration suggested by this remarkable development comes out in a form nearly ludicrous. Ritual Commissioners—St. Alban's cases—prosecutions under the Uniformity Act—what must the stiff pedantic people whose motto is the Prayer Book, the whole Prayer Book, and nothing but the Prayer Book, say to all this which is just over? More liberty—more elasticity—more freedom in church—is the cry from another side. Why; if half of the proceedings which we are told have just been permitted in London churches really occurred, liberty and license and authority are mere fallacies. In one church, so we are told, people in hundreds throng with candles in their hands, renew their baptismal vows—which we used to think they did before the Bishop only at confirmation—and are called Penitents, and it is all right. Confessional boxes are set up in churches, and openly used—open-air processions, crosses, banners, and the Stations are a matter of course. Forms and Ceremonies, Services, Lectionaries, Devotions—all are developed all of a sudden, and in all sorts of ways, out of nobody knows who's inner consciousness; and all are done in the public services of the Church. And this while it is felt, and half acknowledged, that if all this is a success—and it will be very difficult to show that it is not a success—to those who are resolved that it shall be a success—authority is powerless, even if disposed, to resist it. This—not the particular things professed or done—is really the revolutionary character of the Twelve Days' Mission.

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM IN ITALY.

THREE Italian pamphlets on the Council, and a copy of *L'Esaminatore* for October 15, containing among other things a translation of one of our articles of last May on German Catholicism, are lying before us. They are all published at the *Libreria Rosmini* at Florence, an establishment founded under the shelter of a great name in order to meet the demand for works of this kind, and which is in itself some evidence of the growing interest of Italian Catholics in such questions, and the rise among them of a school closely akin to that of which "Janus" is the most prominent spokesman in Germany. The professed objects of the *Libreria*, as we learn from its prospectus, are to promote "a Catholic reformation of the Italian Church," a reconciliation between Church and State on the basis of mutual independence, and a general restoration of unity among the divided Churches of Christendom. It is proposed to further these ends by the publication of works, both original and translated, bearing upon these subjects and calculated to supply authentic information on the condition of other communions, such as the Greek and the Anglican. Of the three pamphlets before us, one is an excellent translation of Mr. Ffoulkes's First Letter to Archbishop Manning, *Il Credo della Chiesa o il Credo della Corona*. A second is entitled *Della pretesa Infallibilità personale del Romano Pontefice*, and is preceded by a very deferential dedicatory letter to Bishop Dupanloup, whose "enlightened zeal and firm attachment to the centre of Catholic unity" is well known, but who has never sanctioned by his great authority the opinion of a modern school which would give to the Supreme Pontiff the divine attribute of personal infallibility, and has thus by "an eloquent silence" implicitly condemned it. The title of the third and most important pamphlet is *Del futuro Concilio Ecumenico e del Concilio di Basilea*. They all bear on their covers the appropriate ornament of the figures of Rosmini and Gioberti, with the motto "*Pro Christo et Ecclesie Puritate*." Of the first we need say no more than that the fact of such a translation appearing is in itself significant. We can hardly doubt that a translation of Mr. Ffoulkes's Second Letter to Archbishop Manning, which has a still more direct interest for Italian Catholics as dealing with an institution so painfully familiar to them, will shortly follow.

The first thought which occurs to one on glancing at these publications, and comparing them with the kindred reclamations of

German and French Roman Catholics against the threatened conspiracy for merging the Church in the Papacy, is the absurdity, not to say impertinence, of affecting to identify the present anti-Papalist party among Catholics, as their opponents invariably do, with "Gallicans." When, for instance, Dr. Manning elaborately argues that "Gallicanism is the last form of Regalism yet lingering in the Church, and that time will shortly make it obsolete," he has proved nothing whatever to his purpose. Gallicanism, as its name imports, was a temporary phase of national sentiment generated by the peculiar circumstances of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; healthy and serviceable, no doubt, as a protest against the Papal absolutism which was domineering over every other Catholic country of Europe, but unhealthy in its tendency to take refuge in a slavish dependence on royal absolutism as the best protection against it, though it is only fair to remember that its most eminent representatives, men like the saintly Bishop Pavillon, were as ready to resist, and to suffer for resisting, the encroachments of the Crown as the encroachments of Rome. Of course the leading theologians of the French Church, and above all the illustrious Bossuet, appealed to ancient ecclesiastical precedents, and argued against the extravagant pretensions of the Popes very much as writers like Dollinger or "Janus" argue against them now, though with less accurate knowledge of facts and less consistent grasp of principles. Still, in the form it took, Gallicanism was essentially a national, and therefore accidental, phase of ecclesiastical opinion and life, and it is against precisely this accidental and purely national aspect of the system that the most telling blows of its Ultramontane assailants have been directed both at the time and since. But with these aspects of it, and especially with what Dr. Manning calls its "regalism," the Liberal Catholicism of the present day has little or nothing in common. It holds in honour, indeed, Bossuet and the great Gallican leaders, for the comparative purity of their teaching, and the noble stand they made against the all-devouring despotism of the *Curia*; but with their political theories and their extravagant nationalism, natural and excusable as it was under the circumstances, Liberal Catholics have small sympathy. They maintain the independent rights of national and provincial Churches, grouped round the common centre of a primacy, which is not a monarchy, for in this they recognise a fundamental principle of the ancient Church, and the only adequate safeguard against the overweening ambition of Rome and the vicious bureaucratic centralization in which it has resulted; and in this sense, as the author of one of these Italian pamphlets justly observes, "the famous Gallican Articles will always be in force, for they are based on fundamental principles of theology and canon law." But this independence is held to belong equally to every local Church, not to be the speciality of this or that nation or tied to any particular form of civil government; still less is it held to interfere with the harmonious union and co-operation of the various local Churches in one great Christian commonwealth, such as was the Catholic Church of the early centuries before East and West were divided, and before the gigantic system of fraud, of which the False Decretals are the main constituent, had completely revolutionized the whole discipline and life of Latin Christendom. We are not discussing now the abstract truth of the constitutional theory of Liberal Catholics. That it is incomparably truer to facts than the rival Ultramontane theory every honest student of history must, we think, admit. But our present object is simply to point out its wide diversity from mere Gallicanism, with which it is so often ignorantly or maliciously confounded. There is a superficial likeness between the two, no doubt, but that is all. Their differences lie deeper than their agreement. The one is mainly based on a particular national ideal, and tends to isolation, if not to Erastianism; the other appeals from a kind of ecclesiastical Cæsarism to the teaching of Fathers and Councils and the constitutional precedents of the Catholic, before it had become the Latin, Church. It is a striking illustration of the difference between Liberal Catholicism and Gallicanism that the former, so far from being confined to any one nation, is striking its roots and giving signs of a tough and vigorous life in every part of Roman Catholic Christendom. And if it is said to be a recent growth, that is partly because the Papalist faction during the last twenty or thirty years has pushed its pretensions to extremities, and is urging them with a vehemence unprecedented in the history of the Church, partly because in Italy, till a few years ago, the combined influence of Austrian and Roman despotism effectually gagged all freedom of speech. Only the other day Mgr. Maret's new work on the Council "was seized at all the booksellers' shops in Rome." The distinguished names of Gioberti and Rosmini, both of whom had to suffer for their honest avowal of their convictions, would alone suffice to show that Italian Catholics have not been hitherto uninterested spectators of the contest. Such works as those now before us are a satisfactory indication that questions which a generation ago only agitated a few leading minds among the Italian clergy are now beginning to interest a wider circle. The meeting of the General Council within the walls of Rome, and the desperate efforts of the Romanizing and Jesuit party to seize the occasion for enforcing their views on the whole Latin Church, cannot fail to intensify that interest and promote a counter-demonstration against the aggressive policy of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and its allies.

The pamphlet on *The Pretended Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff* is written in a very temperate and respectful style, and evidently by a sincere Roman Catholic, and if it does not exhibit

the extensive and minute learning of some of the German publications on the same subject which we have lately noticed, its substantial agreement both with their conclusions and their line of argument is certainly remarkable. It is throughout a protest against "the fanatical opinion of a modern school, unsupported by any General Council, which would give to the Supreme Pontiff the divine attribute of personal infallibility," involving too, as it virtually does, impeccability, or at least, what is a psychological absurdity, "partial impeccability"; which, the writer might have added, has been often claimed for the Pope after election by infallibilists, and by some of the Popes themselves. Even before infallibility was laid claim to, the False Decretals had embodied spurious canons of Councils ascribing personal sanctity to the Popes as such, and Gregory VII. asserted his own experimental consciousness of the gift. Hence the pertinacious attempts of writers like Rohrbacher to whitewash such black sheep among the Pontiffs as Alexander VI., or in earlier days the succession of dissolute boys foisted by Theodora and Marozia into St. Peter's Chair. Our author insists at starting on the double objection to the proposed definition of Papal infallibility, that many Catholics do not believe it, and that to erect this "artificial opinion" into a dogma would be a fatal bar to the return of all separatists to Catholic unity by building up new walls of division, instead of smoothing their way. He also points out, as others have done, that the infallibility involves the absolute monarchical power of the Pope, and is really incompatible with the functions of Ecumenical Councils, which are reduced to "a mere ceremony." This is not, he adds, a speculative question only, but one of supreme practical importance; the whole question of "restoring to the Episcopate its original autonomy" is at stake. The infallibilist arguments from Scripture and the supposed necessities of the case are examined and very happily disposed of, and "the blasphemy of Popolaters who call the Pope (as Bellarmine does) a Vice-God, or God upon earth," is duly rebuked. There is an admirable exposure of the subtle sophistries of Cardinal Litta, Perrone, and others, who argue that the infallibility of the Pope is implied in the infallibility of the Church, because their judgment is identical. If identical, it is infallible because it is the judgment of the Church, and this implies no personal privilege of inerrancy in the Pope; if his judgment stands alone, it is not infallible. The necessity, and at the same time the impossibility, of fixing any sure criterion of *ex cathedra* judgments is also dwelt upon, and the conclusive disproof of infallibility afforded by the errors of former Popes. The writer gives a brief but very lucid and temperate sketch of the gradual erection of the Ultramontane system on the ruins of the ancient discipline of the Church. He desires to see "the powers and free action of Patriarchal, Metropolitan, and Episcopal Churches restored to them" by the approaching Council. We wish we had room for an admirable passage (pp. 49-51) which reads almost as if it had been written in anticipation of the historic sophistries of Archbishop Manning's recent Pastoral.

The remaining pamphlet, already in a second edition, on *The Future Ecumenical Council and the Council of Basle*, is both longer and more important, displaying considerable learning, and travelling partly over the same ground as "Janus," with whose principles the writer is singularly in accord. He begins by insisting, like Rosmini in the famous work which the Jesuits got put on the Index, that the Church is suffering from "great wounds," which only the supreme authority of a General Council can remedy. The *fons et origo mali* is declared, as by Janus, to be the radical change of the constitutional government of the Church of the first eight centuries, with its ordered hierarchy under the primacy of Rome, into an absolute monarchy, and the consequent identification of the Church with the Roman *Curia*; a change chiefly brought about by the forgeries of Isidore Mercator, and their adoption, together with many more, into the *Decretum* of Gratian, but not accomplished without protests from several local Councils, as late as the eleventh century. Even St. Bernard calls the Pope's encroachments on the rights of bishops "usurpation and robbery," and speaks of the officials of the *Curia* as "*atrapis plus majestati quam veritati faventibus*." The attempted reforms of the Council of Vienne (here misprinted Vienna) were successfully evaded by Clement V., who by the by did not summon "all the bishops of the world," but only a selected portion of them, to that packed assembly. These usurpations of Rome, which have reduced the bishops to "mere secretaries of the Pope," and whose history is written in the discredit and moral weakness of both Papacy and Episcopate, and in the contempt into which religion has fallen, it is now proposed to elevate, by Prop. xxxiv. of the Syllabus, which condemns the assertion of the constitutional power of the Papacy, and implicitly by Prop. xxxviii., into an article of faith. But "it is a first principle of theology that it is no less heresy to declare that to be *de fide* which is not, than to deny that to be which is." The bishops have twice of late given conspicuous evidence of their servility in flocking to Rome to swell a mere Papal ceremony, and lending the weight of their silent adhesion, without discussion or voting, to the Bull *Ineffabilis*, defining a doctrine which has no traditional support in the first thirteen centuries, and to the Syllabus, "which proscribes doctrines resting on the sure testimony of history and the first principles of theology, Christian morality, and canon and civil law." The author proceeds to trace out in detail the duties that ought to be undertaken by the future Ecumenical Council, among which are the dissemination of the Bible in the vernacular in faithful translations

from the original languages, and the reform of the divine service, according to Rosmini's proposal in the *Cinque Piaghe*, by translating the Liturgy and Breviary into the vernacular, so that "the people may no longer assist like statues and pillars at the divine mysteries," but with an intelligent worship. The Breviary should also be cleared of spurious legends and evil examples. It is further the duty of the Council to reform the discipline of the Church by restoring the ancient system supplanted by the Isidorian innovations, and bringing it into harmony with the conditions of modern society, for, as Gioberti says, "*La Religione Cattolica s'accorda perfettamente coi progressi della società civile.*" And, lastly, "a radical reform of the *Curia*" is imperatively required. "The Fathers of the Council should seriously consider that the Roman Church has, through its usurpations, lost the Greek Church, and that the same usurpations of the *Curia* keep the Anglican Episcopate from responding to the Pope's invitation." In a word, the alternative before Rome is "*Reform or Ruin.*"

The pamphlet concludes with a full and accurate account of the Council of Basle, and the admirable reforms there projected, but out of which the Church was jockeyed—there is no other word for it—by the astute policy of Eugenius IV. That Council, which even Bellarmine admits to have been a legitimate (Ecumenical) Council up to the end of its twenty-fifth session, and which "many illustrious theologians" regard as such to the end, is proposed in the closing words as a model for the future Council to follow; and there is the precedent of the first eight General Councils to show that canons do not depend for their validity on Papal confirmation, and—as is proved by the crucial instance of the 28th canon of Chalcedon—do not lose it when that confirmation is refused:—

We have shown then that the cause of the evil lies in the change of the ancient discipline, and that its restoration in conformity with the order and principles of modern States is the only way of attaining the desired end and applying an effectual remedy to the ills which miserably afflict both religious and civil society. This is precisely the reform which religion and civilization eagerly expect of the coming Ecumenical Council. But if Pius IX., like Martin V. and Eugenius IV., wants to hinder this reform, it is both the right and duty of the Fathers of the Council to accomplish it themselves. And if, to prevent this, Pius IX. should dissolve the Council, the bishops are bound, like the Fathers of Basle, to remain and prosecute their work fearlessly; to whatever extremities he may proceed, there is the history of the Council of Basle to teach them their duty and to remind him of what may be his fate. *Quod Deus avertat.*

We will add but one word. The infallibilists are fond of appealing for their own purposes to what they call the *consensus Ecclesie dispersæ*. Conspiring testimonies from every Catholic country of Europe are multiplying every day to prove that any *bonâ fide* appeal to the educated public opinion of the Church, as distinct from "the silence of some and oppression of others," would be fatal to their cherished aims.

MYTHICAL PEDIGREES.

IT would be a very curious sight if one could, by any process of mental vivisection, get a glimpse of the inner mind of a genealogist. It is to be supposed that he has some object before him, that he has some kind of method intelligible at least to himself, that he has canons of evidence of some kind, which to him seem to distinguish truth from falsehood. We should be loth to believe otherwise of the respectable persons who distribute alike arms and grandfathers to those who apply for them, and who enlighten us with Peerages and books of County Families. We should be loth to believe that Garter and Ulster and the rest of them really sit down and put down names and dates at random, that they put all possible forefathers, real and imaginary, into a dice-box, and tumble them out as may happen by the rule of first come, first served. We feel sure that they must have some sort of rule, that they must be guided by some sort of evidence; only the rule is one at which it is impossible to guess, and the evidence must be evidence of a very different kind from any which either lawyers or historians are in the habit of looking for. Some of the order would seem to be men of a certain degree of learning; all must, by the nature of their craft, be at least masters of the arts of reading and writing. Now we know what they write, but what is it that they read? Does it ever come into the head of a genealogist, when he is setting down the name and exploits of somebody in a distant century, to look at the contemporary records of that century and to see whether the man ever did what he is said to have done, and whether there ever was such a man at all? Of course we understand how a tale passes from one mouth or one pen to another, how it is believed without thought or examination, and how, each time that it is told, it gains something in the telling. But somebody must have told it for the first time, and what was the state of mind of the man who told it for the first time? We do not think for a moment of charging Sir Bernard Burke with inventing all the tales which he tells us. We feel sure that he only tells the tale as 'twas told to him. But this only puts the difficulty back. Somebody told the tale first. Did he believe it or did he not? Did he simply make a trade of it, and sell forefathers to whoever would take them at so many pounds or marks per forefather? Or, if he believed his stories, how came he to believe them? Did he dream them? This is perhaps altogether the best guess, as it saves us from charging anybody with wilful falsehood. But then it is odd that either one man or several men should have had so many dreams so very

much alike about so many different families. How is it that the dreaming power is so strong with regard to one particular century, and so weak with regard to several centuries following? How is it that everybody's forefather came over with William the Conqueror, and that then there is commonly so little to say about the family till quite modern times? How is it that every Scotch nobleman has a forefather who was distinguished at the Court of King Achaius, and commonly no more recorded forefathers till perhaps the time of the Stuarts? These things are beyond us; we have no doubt that there is an explanation of them; only we cannot find out what it is. We do not think that Ulster and his brethren simply put down anything that anybody chooses to tell them. They would hardly put it in their books if we chose to tell them that the *Saturday Review* was, like the Koran, uncreated, and that it had existed from all eternity. They must have some standard, some process by which one tale is believed and another cast aside. Only we cannot make out what the standard is, and at all events it must be something wholly different from the standard employed in the worky-day task of historical criticism.

For instance, it does not seem to be the least objection to a genealogical myth that the story is simply impossible; that, if things had been as it is said, the history of all time from then till now must have been quite different. Thus one ever and anon hears of such or such a man of the name of Bruce that he is a descendant of King Robert of Scotland. For this particular superstition we have a kindly feeling, because it sometimes takes a humane form. The descendant of King Robert will sometimes make it a point of conscience never to kill a spider, for fear he should haply be killing a descendant of that renowned spider which taught a lesson of perseverance to his great ancestor. Still there are difficulties even about a belief which leads to such charitable results. We remember once being told of the royal descent of a particular Bruce, and how we answered point-blank, "Why then is he not King of Scots?" This was a view of the matter which was quite new to our friend. It had never presented itself as a difficulty that, if King Robert or his son David had left legitimate male heirs—and we presumed that legitimate male descent was what was meant—the Crown of Scotland could not possibly have passed to Robert's heirs female, and that instead of a United Kingdom ruled by the descendants of James Stuart and Margaret Tudor, there would still be a separate Kingdom of Scotland ruled by the representative of the Bruce. Of course all genealogical flights are not so wild as this. We do not suppose that Sir Bernard Burke or even Mr. Walford would put such a pedigree as this in his book. Still our genealogical friends do now and then venture upon stories which, if not quite so easily detected as this, are seen on a slight examination to have just as little foundation in real history. For instance, two or three weeks back the death of the Marquis of Westminster was made the occasion for the publication of a genealogical myth of the most daring kind. The *Times* thought that "a few remarks on the descent of the late Marquis would not be out of place at the present moment," and the "few remarks" took the following wonderful shape:—

If we consult Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds*, we shall find that the Grosvenors can confidently trace an unbroken male descent from a distinguished house which flourished in Normandy for a century and a half at the least before the Norman Conquest, thus carrying us in memory more than half way back to the commencement of the Christian era.

Having got thus far, let us stop and do a sum. If common sense were applicable to such matters, we should say that, according to common sense, the "Norman Conquest" spoken of in the above paragraph would mean the Norman Conquest, not of England, but of Normandy. The Grosvenors—Franks no doubt, or Saxons of Bayeux, or genuine Celtic Gauls—must have flourished in what afterwards was Normandy for "at least" a hundred and fifty years before the settlement of Rolf, namely, ever since some time for which 762 would be a moderate date. Most likely then the first *Gros Veneur* talked very good French when King Pepin le Bref held his Court at the Tuileries. But the chances are that the writer in the *Times*, even with the help of Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds*, had, after all, not got so far back as this; most likely the "Norman Conquest" spoken of, though seemingly something to do with Normandy, simply means "quando Rex Wilhelmus venit in Angliam." It is then from 1066, not from 912, that we must subtract 150, and we thus get 916 as the latest year to which the beginning of the flourishing of the Grosvenors can be assigned. It was then within the first four years after the homage at Clair-on-Epte that the Grosvenors took such firm root on Norman soil that the fourth year is the very latest date that can be assigned to the first blooming of flowers upon the young and vigorous stock. That it was so we can neither assert nor deny. It is certain, beyond all chance of contradiction, that direct forefathers of the Marquis of Westminster, as of every other human being on the face of the earth, were living in 916, and even in 762. Indeed any other date since the creation of man might have been given with equal safety. Choose what date we will, the forefathers of the Grosvenors and the forefathers of the Tomkines were both undoubtedly in being at that date. The only question is, whether we can put our fingers on any recorded man and say with certainty that he was the forefather either of Grosvenor or of Tomkins. In 916 then the forefathers of the Grosvenors undoubtedly existed; the point is whether we can prove that in that year they were flourishing in Normandy. All we say is that, if it is to be proved, it must be proved by some other arguments

than those which the *Times* has borrowed from Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds*. For our instructor went on thus:—

They probably, like the Butlers of the Irish house of Ormonde, derived their name from the office which they held in the principality of Normandy—that of *Le Gros Veneur*, or chief huntsman, to the successive Dukes. The founder of the English branch of the house, according to “*Ulster*,” was Gilbert Le Grosvenor, or Le Grosvenor, who came to England in the train of the Conqueror. He held high rank in Normandy, being nephew of Hugh Lupus, the Count of Avranches, uncle of the victorious monarch, and afterwards created by him Earl of Chester. He owned large estates in the county palatine of Cheshire, which were granted to him by the Conqueror when he parcelled out the fairest portions of his newly-acquired domain of England among his companions in the field.

Again we cannot deny that the forefathers of the Marquis of Westminster may have been chief huntsmen—or chief shoeblacks—to the successive Dukes of Normandy. We have no evidence either way; Dudo and both our Williams and Master Wace and Orderic tell us nothing. The researches of Duchène and Pluquet and Stapleton and Edgar Taylor give us no help. It may be so; we do not say that it is not so; but we do say that it is not proved by adding a genealogy which is just as historical as a dozen lines taken at random out of Hesiod’s *Theogony*.

Now it is a trifle to say that Hugh Lupus was not Count of Avranches, but only Viscount, the Avranchin having been first made into a County by Henry the Second in favour of Hugh’s remote successor Earl Ranulf. The words of the grant may be found in Stapleton ii. xcii. “*Hoc unde erat Vicecomes in Avrinciis et in Sancto Jacobo, de hoc feci eum Comitem.*” To be sure such distinctions may be subtleties to the general reader, but they are exactly the things which Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds* may be fairly asked to be particular about. But how about the daring fiction which makes Hugh Lupus uncle of William the Conqueror? This is the sort of thing which shows how safe it is to practise on public ignorance. Surely, of all people in the world the parents of William the Conqueror are well enough known. The uncle of Duke William must have been the brother either of Duke Robert or of Herleva, the son either of Duke Richard the Good or of Fulbert the Tanner of Falaise. Now the parentage of Hugh Lupus is just as well known as the parentage of Duke William. Hugh was the son of Richard Viscount of Avranches, the grandson of “*Turstinus cognomento Goz*,” the rebel of Falaise. How then could he be the son either of the Duke or of the Tanner? How could he be the uncle of the Conqueror? One loop-hole alone is open. The paternal grandmother of William, the respectable and pious Duchess Judith, gives us no help. But how about Herleva’s mother, the Tanner’s wife? If anybody likes to believe that she was a run-away English princess, and a grandmother at the age of thirteen, he can do so; and to make her somehow the mother of Hugh Lupus, and thus to make Hugh Lupus the brother of Herleva and the uncle of the Conqueror, would not be seriously adding to the myth. Thus and thus only is it possible that Hugh Lupus could have been “the uncle of the victorious monarch.” Mr. Stapleton could probably have barred this faint chance by at once telling us the real name and descent of Hugh Lupus’s mother. We do not happen to know it; so we must leave to Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds* this one crooked path out of the wood.

Perhaps, however, most readers may think that the chance of Hugh Lupus being the son of the Tanner’s wife is so very slight that we did not go too far when we called the statement that he was William’s uncle a daring fiction. Now how about Hugh’s other nephew, Gilbert le Gros Veneur? Let us tell all that we know, which is doubtless much less than Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds* know. It is certain that in Domesday, fol. 267, “*Gislebertus Venator*” does occur as a landowner in Cheshire, holding of course under Earl Hugh. For we need not say that, in the County Palatine of Chester, it was not the King but the Earl who “parcelled out,” &c. &c., so that, whoever Gislebertus Venator was, it was not by the Conqueror that his estates were granted to him. Now whether Gislebertus Venator really was the forefather of the Grosvenors we do not know; the point might no doubt easily be found out, perhaps by turning to some book of Sir Bernard Burke or the *Heralds*. But the point concerns us so little that we have not taken the trouble to look it up. Very likely “*Ralfie le Grosvenor*, second son of Sir Thomas le Grosvenor,” with whom the intelligible history of the family seems to begin in the fifteenth century, may have been a descendant of Gilbert. We had ourselves rather spring from one of Gilbert’s “*antecessores*,” from Wulfgeat or Godwine, or even from “*Dot*” who “*tenuit Witune et liber homo fuit.*” Our point is to ask whether there is any reason to believe that Hugh Lupus was the uncle of Gislebertus Venator any more than that he was the uncle of Willelmus Bastardus. Mr. Stapleton has found out, what Duchène seems not to have found out, that Earl Hugh had a brother named Gilbert. But he and his descendants seem to have stayed in Normandy. Is there any evidence for making Gislebertus Venator his son? A whole column of Domesday is taken up with the lands of our Gilbert and of another distinguished as “*Gislebertus de Venables*.” Venables, unluckily, is a Norman village, or it would not have been a bad guess to make “*Gislebertus de Venabdis*” into a synonym of “*Gislebertus Venator*.” Now of these two Gilberts, both tenants of the Earl, if one of them was the Earl’s nephew, would he not have been distinguished as such and not as “*Gislebertus Venator*”? Would he again have been put after “*Gislebertus de Venables*,” as evidently the smaller person of the two? Now “*Venator*” is simply written over his name, as it is written over the names of many other people in

Domesday, as “*coquus*,” “*bedellus*,” “*aurifaber*,” and a crowd of other names of callings and offices are written over the names of other people. Where is the evidence, where is the probability, that a man thus distinguished from another of the same name was a nephew of the common lord of both?

The case stands thus. The Marquis of Westminster may, for aught we know or aught we care, be descended from Gislebertus Venator. That Gislebertus Venator was a nephew of Earl Hugh is possible, but it seems to us very unlikely. That Earl Hugh was the uncle of William the Conqueror we will take upon ourselves positively to deny. That the ancestors of the Grosvenor family were flourishing in Normandy four years after Normandy became Normandy we cannot deny, but we do not see that anybody has proved it.

Myths of this sort are seldom exposed, because they probably please those to gratify whose vanity they are invented, and they do not hurt anybody else. But truth is truth, and every departure from it should be branded. We have not taken the trouble to find out how far the biographer in the *Times* is justified in fathering his myth on Sir Bernard Burke and the *Heralds*; we only say that, whether it is his or theirs, it is a myth and nothing more.

VOICES.

FAR before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman’s cheeks, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. There are in general the naturally hard voices which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, would-be affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker. For instance, there is that thin treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man, when we expected the fine rolling utterance which would have been in unison with his outward seeming; and, on the other side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists, which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practised by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked. Again, in fun and humour, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities—a voice and manner peculiarly Transatlantic, and indeed one of the Yankee forms of fun—do not we know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos too—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the

impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bed-side voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as Court trains and brocade silk for the nurse. There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice—a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain fillip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigour; it may have a mesmeric kind of effect on them—who knows?—and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigour, swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hayfield oppressive. The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural; a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine utterance, but which yet is not unpleasant if one does not require too much spontaneity. The clerical voice, with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting; and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species—a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who draws, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what the Americans call "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service. The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting-jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease. The lover's voice is of course *sui generis*; but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice is Alboni's; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer. Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are certain lips and catches which are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent—but very little, like red pepper to be sparingly used, as indeed we may say with the others—gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as "a foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish schoolboy,

but an unnoted bit of harmony. The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *edilant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing. There are some voices that send you to sleep, and others that stir you up; and the French voice is of the latter kind when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes the traveller more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high-pitched, strident voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose, fluffy utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation. And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lisplings, and quackings, and chattering; a very menagerie in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

SECOND REPORT ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN AND WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE.

I.

TWO more interesting and bulky volumes have been published on a subject which is now regarded with more than ordinary attention. The two Commissioners on the agricultural employment of Women and Children have published two Reports, supplemented by a voluminous appendix. The documents, indeed, may be pronounced to be as interesting as they are voluminous, though less conclusive than either. The divergence of the two Commissioners shows the difficulty of arriving at a common specific result, and probably the generality of persons who read the evidence will find themselves in the same dilemma. But, although many persons may feel themselves unable to propose any definite scheme, there are few who will not find in these papers the materials of information and suggestion.

Among the most striking parts of the evidence are the following. It does not appear that female labour is, as a rule, demoralizing or degrading. Women go to work in the fields in large numbers, and generally with a wide latitude of age. There is no evidence that women thus working (especially out of gangs) are demoralized by their labour. On the contrary, there is proof that among some of the women thus employed there is as much virtue, self-respect, industry, and honest independence as amongst any women in any part of the kingdom. Mr. Henley, speaking of his district, says:—

There are many who hold the opinion that field-work is degrading, but I should be glad if they would visit these women in their own homes after they become wives and mothers. They would be received with a natural courtesy and good manners which would astonish them. Let the visitor ask to see the house; he will be "taken over" it with many apologies that he should have seen it not "redd up." He will then be offered a chair in front of a large fire, with the never-absent pot and oven, the mistress meanwhile continuing her unceasing family duties, baking, cooking, cleaning, &c. &c. Not one word of complaint will he hear; but he will be told that, though working people, they are not poor; and a glance at the substantial furniture, the ample supply of bacon over his head, the variety of cakes and bread on the board, and the stores of butter, cheese, and meal in the house will convince him of the fact.

And there is testimony in abundance to prove—that what we might have anticipated without proof—that this outdoor work is not only not unhealthy, but in reality is far more healthy than a long continuance of indoor work for women. We repeat the opinion, which we have before expressed, that a superfluous degree of fastidiousness has been exhibited on this subject. It is probable that the language of women working in the fields is not always of the very nicest, nor their jokes of the most delicate kind. But neither are those of laundresses, factory women, or a hundred other female workers. It would perhaps be better if they used the same phraseology as ladies in a drawing-room. But this is hardly to be expected; and, as it does not follow that coarse jests imply immoral acts, we have no right to imagine a discreditable state of things, and on this hypothetical basis to build up a theory about the immorality of female field-work. It is enough to know that these women walk some distance to their daily task, work at it cheerfully for the sake of their husbands and children, and are deteriorated neither in morals nor in health by it. If any other consideration ought to have weight, it is the one emphatically recorded by one of the Assistant-Commissioners, "To prevent female labour would be to prevent farming." It is no objection to our position that some witnesses testify to the misconduct of female gangs, and that others speak of the loose talk of

the female workers generally. A public gang which is hired by a contractor, and goes about from village to village, is necessarily composed of the very looest women and girls procurable in a large area, and cannot be regarded as typical of the resident field-workers. Besides, there is another point worthy of consideration. Although the Commissioners do not take notice of it, still the evidence contained in this Report clearly shows the influence of race, as distinct from that of education and circumstances, on the character of the agricultural labourers, male and female. The education given in Kent is equal to that given in Northumberland, but the Kentish labourer has not grown up to the standard of his Northumbrian compeer. It is not unlikely, too, that race has something to do with the wages paid, the houses occupied, and the general conditions which distinguish Northumberland from other counties. We do not forget the wise munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, but we remember that other dukes have been equally munificent in other counties, with far different results. This influence of race extends, we believe, to all ranks, and affects their mutual intercourse, and accounts for many points of difference between Bedfordshire and Northumbrian peasants. It will also explain the difference of conduct in the female labourers of different districts.

While the question of agricultural employment in relation to women raises no doubts, that of the employment of children is more difficult and complicated. There can be no question but that labourers' boys must work; but the puzzle is at what age they should begin, and what time should be left for education. The papers before us are full of the most contradictory propositions on this subject. Some persons propose that boys should not go to work till the end of their tenth year, and that they should not be employed then until they can produce a certificate that they have passed certain examinations. These examinations vary in manifold degrees. Some are proposed to include simple reading and writing; others embrace ciphering up to compound division. Then other persons propose that boys should not go to field-work before their thirteenth year. The statements advanced in justification of these propositions are as diversified as the propositions themselves. Some assert that it is injurious for lads under ten years of age to spend whole days in the fields; that it draws prematurely on their strength; that it sows the seeds of rheumatism and consumption; that it makes the boys bow-legged; that it renders them old and feeble before their time. On the other hand, it is asserted that "tenting" involves nothing worse than exposure to weather, and that the vast majority of boys do not suffer from it; that the outdoor life tells, on the whole, favourably on their health. Then, again, it is said that this employment of young boys is absolutely necessary for their own and their parents' subsistence; that, spread as it is over days and weeks of every season, it brings in threepences and fourpences which go a good way to buy the family loaf; and that no daily labourer of average circumstances could afford to keep children of nine or ten years at home who earned no wages at all. To this it is replied, that the relief given by these small wages is apparent rather than real; that the threepences do not suffice to meet the daily wear and tear of clothes and shoes, and that few boys are worth much in the fields until they have completed their eleventh year. Then we have plans for night-schools, half-day schools, alternate-day schools, and every sort of compromise between work and education.

It is worth while to look at the prominent facts of the case, before we can pronounce anything like a decision. First, then, the preponderating testimony of medical and lay witnesses shows that outdoor labour is most healthy for young lads, except when it is too severe, like that of driving the plough; next, that the necessities of agriculture require it; further, that a boy who did not go to field-work of any kind whatever till his thirteenth year would never be worth much in the estimation of farmers. Also it is clear that the labour of children after ten years of age is an advantage to their parents; and, lastly, that the farmers are as anxious to get it as the boys' parents are to supply it. These are clear facts. But there are also other facts to be borne in mind. The boy who goes to "tent" in the fields at nine or ten years of age, and begins to work with the plough at twelve, can imbibe but little book-learning. His mind is not only not awakened to any subject beyond his daily sphere of vision out of doors, but it is not even alive to the import of the things which he daily sees and hears. The phenomena of nature are to him dull and uninteresting things of course, unless he is an exceptionally bright lad. The sky, the clouds, the winds, the sun, the stars, the storm, the rain, frost and snow, are mere passing objects of passive vision. They come and recur again without exciting wonder, curiosity, fear, or admiration. He probably has carried away from his Sunday school some phrases about the Maker of the Sun and the Stars, but he only remembers them as part of a lesson which he thought a nuisance at the time, and hopes never again to experience. Were it not for this teaching of his clergyman, he would have less knowledge and less intelligence than a Zulu. And here we may parenthetically express our gratitude to that devoted and self-denying body of men, the incumbents and curates of English parishes, who, despite opposition, apathy, and want of means, have contrived to impart to the humbler English peasant the few elements of instruction and reflection which he possesses. But the knowledge gained at the Sunday school is limited and transitory. It soon dies out. The only accomplishments that take its place are the rule-of-thumb arts required in the ordinary routine of

farm-work. Is it right that men should thus grow up mere accessories of the plough, the harrow, and the horses, not only without any sense of the beauty and order of that nature whose wondrous works are continually exhibited before them, but without any portion of that useful and homely knowledge by which they could escape many losses now incident to their condition, and make a timely provision against future want? The reporters dwell on the general rottenness of the Friendly and Benefit Societies in which the hardly saved earnings of the peasant are so often lost, and it seems only reasonable to ask whether he could not be taught at least so much as would save him from entrusting his hopes and fortunes to institutions which any man of ordinary education and intelligence at once sees to be unsound? According to one version—and that version founded on experience of a wide Southern district—the condition of the English peasant is truly hard. Born in a hovel fitter for animals than for human beings, bred up among associations of want, penury, indecency, and dirt—without any lessons of ordinary morality, with the worst examples of immorality before his eyes—he is sent off to work in the fields almost as soon as he can walk. From his eighth or ninth year he passes his days in the fields, exposed to every vicissitude of weather, with insufficient food and insufficient clothes, with nothing to engage his mind beyond the roving of the sheep or cows, or the depredations of the birds. He thinks of nothing, knows nothing, aspires to nothing. This life he continues, with partial intermissions, till his twelfth year, when he begins permanent farm-service at the plough. From that day he goes on for thirty or forty years, drudging and toiling for a mere subsistence, in a hovel like that in which he was born, and there he marries and has sons and daughters nurtured and sleeping in the same room, with no feeling of shame, who will live as he has lived, toil as he has toiled, and die as he will probably have died—in the poor's house.

This is a true picture of some cases. If it were true of all, it would furnish an insuperable argument, not only for forced education, but also for a general official supervision of the English peasant. But though these things are literally true in some districts, we know that they are only partially true in others, and the very reverse of true in many; and that this is so is due to the action of social forces which no Commission can thoroughly investigate, but which ought not to be lost sight of before any general system of education is enacted for our agricultural districts. We know that from the very same class which produces the stolid "tenting" boy and farmyard drudge come others who are the very pith and sinew of our national frame-work. We get from it the sober, intelligent, self-denying, and thrifty workman, who becomes in time a bailiff, a farmer, or even a small proprietor. We get from it the men who have earned for the British army the highest reputation for discipline, steadiness, and courage. It produces for us the men who, as non-commissioned officers of the army and police, are models of firmness, coolness, intelligence, and zeal. It is needless to say that these men were not brought up as young barbarians in savage homes. They were the worthy sons of honest parents, brought up in respectable homes. The houses in which they were born were clean, tidy, and decent. They probably got some early instruction under a benevolent rector or a kindly squire. Their advantages were exceptional, but in England every rule has many exceptions; and, fortunately, no rule has more striking exceptions than that of the squalor and misery of the lowly peasant. It is only by an extension of these exceptions that his condition will generally be improved. And we feel convinced, with the Commissioners, that no general formal mode of instruction—no system of night schools or half-day schools, winter schools, schools up to ten or schools up to twelve years of age—will produce any beneficial effect on the worst samples of English poor children, until those vile hovels in which they pig, and which are the joint production of greed and injustice, give place to decent houses, suitable for the residence of a Christian and self-respecting people. This change cannot be summarily effected by the order of Government, but it can be brought about by the slow influence of those social forces of which we have spoken, and which have already done so much in many parts of England.

THE PARING OF THE SCOTCH CHEESE.

TRADITION tells us how Queen Caroline of happy memory threatened on a notable occasion to turn Scotland into a hunting-field. It has been left to Her Majesty's Ministers of the present day to carry out the royal threat, though not exactly in the royal spirit. Hunting in the ordinary sense is not, but cheese-paring in the extremest sense is eminently, to their taste, and in Scotland they have found an untrodden field and a patient population, and have commenced their favourite pastime in earnest. A judgeship in the Supreme Court has been discontinued; a sheriffship has been suppressed; an important public office, that of Queen's Remembrancer, or official paymaster and auditor of public accounts, has been vacant for eight months, and there seems to be no intention to fill it up. The office of Solicitor of Woods and Forests, also an important office created within the last few years from the urgent necessity for such an appointment, fell vacant at the end of August and is still vacant. This might be considered very fair autumnal sport, but the Executive do not think so. Like Alexander, they have gone to spread their conquests further. There are still a few underpaid men in the Scotch

public service who might be ground down a little more, and so the Government have commissioned two gentlemen—Lord Camperdown, *et al.* 28, and Sir W. Clerk, a Treasury official little known to fame—to inquire into the administration of Scotch affairs, and find out, if possible, two or three more miserable salaries to pare down or abolish altogether.

The First Lord of the Treasury, the First Commissioner of Works, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Baxter of the Admiralty will no doubt rub their hands and rejoice with exceeding joy over the little savings that they may make by the discontinuance, temporary or permanent, of these offices. But what will they say of it in Scotland? The whole amount saved will do little more than pay Mr. W. H. Gladstone his salary of 1,000*l.* a year, while four of the public services are seriously injured, and four Scotchmen are deprived of office. And in revenge the Scotch people, who hitherto have evinced an unreasoning admiration for that fortunate young gentleman's father, begin to criticize more closely the object of their admiration. They are a thrifty people in the North, and they are well aware that public work is performed in Scotland at an infinitely lower figure than it is in England or in Ireland. The population of Scotland is about one-sixth of that of England, and not quite one-half less than that of Ireland. We should expect to find the same ratio in the expenditure in the public services, but it is very different. To take the three most important services, the administration of Justice, Education, and Poor-laws, what is the truth with regard to the three countries? Law and Justice in England, according to this year's Estimates, cost the country eleven times, and in Ireland seven times, as much as they do in Scotland. Public education in England is nearly eleven times, and in Ireland nearly five times, as costly as it is in Scotland; and much the same proportion is maintained in the administration of the Poor-laws. In England there are two Boards for the relief of the poor—the Poor Law Board proper, and the Privy Council acting as the Board of Health; in Scotland there is only one. The President of the Poor Law Board in England has a salary of 2,000*l.* a year; in Scotland he has 1,200*l.* The Secretaries in England draw 2,500*l.* a year; in Scotland, 800*l.* The subordinates in England spend among them 66,310*l.*; in Scotland, 3,732*l.* If to this we add the medical charges for the poor incurred by the two countries, the total office expenses in England amount to 85,918*l.* annually; in Scotland to 7,807*l.* And when we compare the total amount of public money absorbed through the Poor Law Boards in Scotland, Ireland, and England, it appears from the Estimates that Scotland spends in round numbers 17,000*l.* yearly, Ireland 97,000*l.* and England 211,000*l.* The ratio of pauperism to population is almost the same in Scotland and in England; how comes it then that the expenditure in the one country is more than twelve times what it is in the other? If the expenditure in England were only six times, or that of Ireland only one-half, more than it is in Scotland, one could understand *a prima facie* case of want of parsimony in the Scotch administration. But when the Estimates show that twelve times the amount of public money is absorbed by England, and five times the amount by Ireland, it is not unreasonable in the people of the North to conclude that, so far as any saving of public expenditure is concerned, Lord Camperdown and Sir W. Clerk might be more profitably employed in London or in Dublin than they possibly can be in Edinburgh.

Cheeses, however, must be got, even if the process of searching for them should cost more than they are worth. It seems to be the Government system to pay their juvenile assistants handsomely, and if one young official is to have his 1,000*l.* a year, why should not another have a little trip to Scotland at the public expense? It will be a pleasant change for an active young nobleman to vary the monotony of a Lord in Waiting's duties by making a raid among the Scotch officials, many of whom had grown grey in the service when he was a baby, and no doubt these officials are duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. But two obvious questions suggest themselves. How will the Scotch public business stand the suppression or discontinuance of four offices at one blow? and how far will this shopkeeper economy add to the popularity of Mr. Gladstone's Government in that part of the island which was best affected at the late elections? The first of these questions can easily be answered by referring to the Scotch newspapers. From them it appears that the work of the Law Courts, never very expeditiously performed, has fallen into serious arrears owing to the long uncertainty as to the Government intentions towards the vacant judgeship; that litigants are subjected to extravagant delay owing to the stoppage of all procedure in the late Judge's Court; and that the legal bodies and societies in Edinburgh have been holding something very like indignation meetings to demand inquiry into the state of business, to protest against the Government proceedings, and to take steps in the present emergency. And these legal bodies have a good deal to say for themselves. The late Government issued a Commission to inquire into the Scotch judicial system. This Commission has worked with assiduity, and is still sitting in Edinburgh. One of its principal inquiries relates to the strength of the Supreme Court, and the evidence already published indicates a considerable difference of opinion upon the subject, with perhaps a slight preponderance in favour of increase both in the number of Judges and in their emoluments. What the Commissioners will ultimately recommend cannot yet be ascertained. But, to put it in the gentlest way, it surely is hardly courteous to the late Govern-

ment and hardly fair to their Commission to prejudge the question. And yet in the pursuit of their favourite sport the Executive have not scrupled to suppress—or, to use the authorized expression, "temporarily discontinue"—this office. And they have done this, to the serious confusion of business, in the face of an existing statute fixing the number of Judges, on their own responsibility, and without the consent of Parliament. Public attention has not been openly directed to the minor offices which have so long lain vacant. For months the work of these offices has been transacted by irresponsible clerks, while the Exchequer has saved the wretched salaries of those who were responsible. It may be that the public service has not suffered, or it may be that it has. A well-organized office can always go on for a certain time by the momentum of its own routine without any responsible head. But a bad half-hour arrives sooner or later, and the showy economy of the past entails a heavy expenditure on the future.

The second question is more difficult to answer. It is never very easy to take the right measure of public opinion on a question of economy. And Scotch public opinion is apt to be eccentric on matters of money and appointments. "A right Scotchman," as Squire Bramble says in one of his letters to Dr. Lewis, "has always two strings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*." What he likes best is to get a place for himself, and what he likes second best is to prevent some other Scotchman from getting it. There is a class of Scotchmen, not unrepresented in Parliament, whose object in life is to secure everything that is going for themselves or their families, or their clique, or their sect; and if they fail they try the other tack, and use all the influence in their power to abolish the good things altogether. These men will be pleased that their country has been snubbed. But fortunately this class is not a large one. The bulk of the people will feel slighted, and they will see that this action on the part of Government is of a piece with their whole bearing towards the Scotch representatives last Session. Scotland sent up fifty-three supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Government out of sixty, and these gentlemen did their duty without a murmur. Long days and nights they sat in their places or slumbered "without snoring" in the galleries, ready, like their own faithful colliers in the North, to get up and shake themselves when the division bell began to ring, and to follow their masters into the Government lobby. This they did without repining, and the Government treated them as the Border shepherds treat the amiable animals who assist them in the management of their flocks. They bully them when they do not do their bidding; they break their teeth if they show any tendency to snarl or fight; they pay no attention to their wants, but let them forage for themselves; but withal they have a kind of contemptuous liking for them, and they accept the fondling and the mute affection which the poor brutes are eager in their own way to give. So with the representatives of Scotland. These honourable gentlemen are useful. They are amiable in their relations with the Government, though they growl and worry among themselves. They do the Ministerial bidding without exciting any attention even by a bark. And for all this the heads of the Government reward them with a kind of lofty liking, while they treat their wishes and their wants with a still loftier indifference and contempt. This was especially observable at the close of last Session. There were a greater number of important Scotch Bills before Parliament than there have been for many years, but the net result of original Acts passed was four—the Judicial Statistics Act; the Endowed Hospitals Act, a reactionary measure; an Act for the prevention of Thimble-rigging and Gaming; and the Broughty Ferry Provisional Confirmation Bill. The Scotch measures, one after another, were blocked out or postponed till the ebbing moments of the Session, and then they were sacrificed *en masse*. No one could object to the Irish Bill, like Aaron's rod, swallowing up the others, but the Scotch members might not unreasonably complain that such measures as Mr. Ayrton's Metropolitan Bills, the Prime Minister's Bishops Resignation Bill, Mr. Sykes's Sea Birds Preservation Bill, and the like, were allowed precedence over their Education Bill and their Game Law and Hypothec Bills, to the destruction of them all.

But the Scotch members did not complain. Like faithful hounds, they wagged their tails affectionately, and did not remonstrate even by a whine. True, as in most kennels, there are some mongrels in the pack who, by eternally giving tongue on false scents, mislead the rest and spoil the sport. This is inevitable. But the misfortune is when the Master cannot discriminate the false music from the true, and when his Whip encourages the curs and disregards the experienced well-bred hounds.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

IT is undeniable that St. Bartholomew's Hospital has been for a long time past in an unsatisfactory condition. Its wealth and ancient reputation have enabled its managers to defy competition and to disregard suggestions of improvement. Increase of population has enormously increased the number of applicants for relief, especially in the out-patient class, and this increase has not been met by corresponding changes in the accommodation or in the staff of officers. It was stated some weeks ago in the *Lancet*, that a thousand out-patients frequently attend at the hospital in a single morning. The medical consulting-rooms are small and ill-ventilated, and the physicians are overworked. On

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a certain morning in October 120 patients were seen and dismissed in an hour and ten minutes, or at the rate of one patient in thirty-five seconds. Many of these patients were, it is said, dismissed "with a doubtful dose of physic, ordered almost at random, and poured out of a huge brown jug." These patients were what are called "casualties," who come to the hospital for the first time. The out-patients proper have received regular letters of admission, and are entitled to advice for two months. An assistant-physician saw on an average 35 of these more serious cases per hour for five hours on several days in October. The *Lancet* pointed out other shortcomings, and ascribed them all to defective management. Whilst improvements have been introduced elsewhere, this hospital stands still. Its reputation as a school of medicine and surgery is alleged to be declining, although it is endowed with large estates, stands amid a population ready to supply patients without limit, and does or might command the services of any number of physicians and surgeons possessing skill and eager to acquire reputation. The financial and general management has also been severely criticized. It has been asserted that the Treasurer, who resides in the hospital, virtually manages its affairs by means of a Committee who are little better than puppets in his hands. The revenue of the hospital is stated to be 48,000*l.* a year, and the Treasurer and Committee contrive to expend this large sum without producing an adequate result. The patients are not overfed, and the nurses are ill-lodged and overworked, but the tradesmen's bills in the Surveyor's department are enormous. The management, it is alleged, is stingy where it should be liberal, and profuse where frugality should prevail. The expenditure of 5,000*l.* a year in the Surveyor's department may be necessary, but it has the look of superfluity. We cannot help thinking that a builder or painter who is employed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital would like to be employed again. There are, as we know, trust estates which appear to be managed in the most costly way in order to diminish the trouble of disposing of the surplus, or to avoid raising questions as to how it ought to be disposed of. But the revenues of this hospital are not likely, under the best administration, to be adequate to the work it has to do, and therefore the public would like to know whether the expenditure in the Surveyor's department might not be reduced. The patients do not appear, by comparison with other hospitals, to have too much food or drink or other comforts; but some surprise is excited by observing that dinners are provided for the Governors in the banquetting-hall of the hospital, at an expense of 310*l.* annually. It is odd that aldermen and other City magnates will dine whenever they do, or suppose themselves to do, business. We have heard of dinners at the Old Bailey, and dinners at a hospital are hardly less incongruous. The worthy person of whom it was written that

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes,

ought to have been a Governor of this hospital. The Treasurer manages this great institution gratuitously, except that he enjoys a house and some allowances, and some critics have been so harsh as to suggest that Mr. Foster White's services without salary are very dear, and that it would be cheaper to pay a salary to some person who would give his undivided attention to the management. Mr. White is also Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, and is largely engaged in business, and although he may manage this hospital to his own satisfaction, it is possible that he may not satisfy other persons who are interested in its prosperity. The demands for an improvement of the system, which have been put forward in the *Lancet* and elsewhere, seem to require for their consideration an amount of leisure which Mr. White can hardly bestow; and a man is always likely to persuade himself that things which he has not had time to do need not be done.

These are the sort of comments which have been made in newspapers and elsewhere upon the management of this hospital, and it was deemed by the Treasurer expedient to give some answer to them. In order that this answer might be given with all due solemnity, the Prince of Wales, who is President of the hospital, was brought down to listen to it. In the Board-room of the hospital, in a full assembly of Governors, and in the hearing, or at least in the sight of reporters, Mr. Foster White delivered himself of an elaborate oration in defence of his own management of the hospital, which he and the Governors who heard it consider entirely satisfactory. We regret, however, to inform Mr. White that this sort of thing will not go down. The public are not to be got rid of like a casualty with a pain in his internals, who is given a dose from the brown jug and bidden to depart in peace. The impugners of Mr. White's management are not so entirely crushed and pulverized as it pleases him and his supporters to believe. We should like to know what institution is so badly managed that its managers cannot make out a good case for it when they have all the talking to themselves. If Mr. White desires to answer his critics, he should appear with his books and papers before a committee of doctors and men of business, and submit himself to a searching cross-examination. It may be true that improvements have been made at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the last fifteen years, and that Mr. White has helped to make them. If improvements had not been made, Mr. White's trusteeship would no doubt have come to a sudden end. But can any reasonable being suppose that this hospital, with its large revenue and central situation, is as useful as it might be made? Mr. White says that the revenue of the hospital is not 48,000*l.* a year, but only 42,000*l.*, "after deducting such receipts as were exceptional and not likely to occur again." He denies the allegation of insufficiency of arrangements for treating casualties, and afterwards he reads a letter from the medical

staff which admits it. "The defects in the work of the casualty and out-patients' departments will, we venture to hope, be remedied by the plan suggested by the Medical Council." Thus say the doctors, while the Treasurer says, as we understand, that there are no defects. He does, indeed, say that the casual patients are a very grave and difficult part of the problem—almost as grave and difficult, we should say, as Mr. White himself. They keep on coming, and he cannot be induced to go. The doors of the hospital, as he truly says, are open to all who come and ask for help, and many doubtless come who ought to go elsewhere. Many also come who want little or no help, and this is a propensity which is ineradicable, and which doctors will perhaps tolerate among the poor for the sake of the profit which it brings to them among the rich. We really do not see how people can be prevented from bringing their fancied ailments under the notice of the house-physician, unless he could be empowered to administer to every casualty a dose of nasty medicine before parting with him. Mr. White, as we understand, admits the brown jug, but denies that the medicine it contained was "doubtful." We do not exactly know what the writer in the *Lancet* intended by that epithet, but we should be happy to compound with our doctor never to give us any medicine that could be called by an epithet more alarming. It was probably a simple remedy for diarrhoea equally applicable to many casualties, like the paupers' pills which are made by the pound in country dispensaries, and given to almost all who come. It is evident, however, that if people are allowed to come for advice without letters of recommendation or other check upon abuse of charity, the medical officer must have time to see them. Now it has been stated in the *Lancet*, and also in a pamphlet by Dr. Mayo, late house-physician to the hospital, that that officer had to see about 100 patients in an hour. Mr. White says that no medical man had to attend 100 patients in an hour. "That was a total impossibility." He does not, however, deny that the medical man had to see 100 persons, but he denies that the persons were properly patients. Many of them, he says, brought their books or work, and many only wanted a dose of medicine. But if a person only wanted a dose of medicine for diarrhoea, it seems to us that thirty-five seconds is a short time to order it. And we can hardly suppose that people come to a hospital merely for the fun of it. The complaint of Dr. Mayo, and probably of his brethren, is that he takes a post at the hospital for purposes of self-improvement, and that in the perpetual hurry-scurry he has no opportunity for study of cases that come before him. Mr. White, who may be considered as a sort of sublimated beadle, does not seem to understand what Dr. Mayo's complaint is, nor indeed can he describe his conduct more appropriately than by charging him with "insubordination" to the Committee. The letter of Dr. Mayo, and his language when he appeared before the Committee, appear to have excited in that august body a sensation which has not been paralleled since that memorable occasion when *Oliver Twist* asked for more.

We do not, of course, offer any opinion on the controversy between Dr. Mayo and the Committee, but he and other members of the same profession are under the belief that a hospital is intended for the relief of suffering and the advancement of science, and not for enhancing the personal consequence of a Treasurer and Governors, who, for their greater glorification, contrive to get a Royal Highness to preside over the domain of bumbledom. Dr. Mayo says that "small use is made of the clinical opportunities of the hospital" in comparison with other hospitals; and Mr. White and Sir William Rose seem to have as much notion of his meaning as Dogberry and Verges had of the duties of justices of peace. We might as soon expect them to improve "clinical opportunities" as to quote Martial's epigram on the doctor who had turned undertaker:—

Cœpit, quo poterat, clinicus esse modo.

But they are certain that it is "flat burglary" to speak disrespectfully of the Committee. Dr. Mayo has in effect said that the duties of the existing medical staff are more than they can efficiently perform; and, having said this loudly and pertinaciously, his conduct is described by Sir William Rose as "setting all discipline at defiance," just as if he were a naughty workhouse boy to whom the beadle was about to apply the birch. Dr. Mayo said that some of the nurses' sleeping rooms were not good enough for a valuable dog, and Mr. White says that these rooms are not everything that could be desired; which appears to us to be saying the same thing in language adapted to a board-room. The *Lancet* said that the room in which the house-physician saw the casualties was small and stuffy, and Mr. White says that the room in which the casualties wait to be seen is large and airy. We do not, however, attach importance to minute inquiry upon points of detail. We look only at Mr. White and Sir William Rose and Sir Sydney Waterlow, as they exhibit themselves in the Board-room debating whether they should refer the question of the excellence of their own arrangement to themselves or should not refer it at all. They are condemned out of their own mouths as unprofitable servants, and not the less so because they charge nothing for their services. The complaint against Mr. White is that he occupies a place which ought to be filled by a competent person giving his whole time and attention to the work. We are sure he means well, and he thinks that he is doing well; but he would never persuade us that the hospital is managed as it ought to be—not even if he brought the Queen and all the Royal Family to listen to his speech.

TROYES.

WE can hardly wonder that the bulk of English travellers, rushing through some of the tamest scenery in the world on their way to some of the grandest, pause only for the half-hour of its buffet at the capital of Champagne. The dulness of the great northern plain of France is a little hard to bear with the glories of the Alps in full prospect, but the Alps will wait patiently for a day or two, and for travellers of the gentler order, to whom hurry and night-expresses are an abomination, we can hardly suggest a town which will better repay the expenditure of a little time and trouble than the good town of Troyes. To Englishmen indeed it has a double historical interest—first, as the capital of a House which once promised to set sovereigns of its blood on the throne of England; and again as the scene of the treaty which followed Agincourt, and whose result, had not the course of events torn it to shreds, must have been to render England a mere dependency of France. But simply as a town it is full of interest. Its cathedral fairly holds its own even in the neighbourhood of Beauvais and Rheims. In the Church of St. Urban it possesses a building in which the decorative art of the thirteenth century has reached its highest point of perfection. Busy and thriving, too, as the place is, its streets retain much of that older picturesqueness which everywhere through France is vanishing before Préfet and Maire. In an electoral address which he has lately issued, the Maire of Troyes appeals pathetically to his fellow-citizens not to show, by their rejection of him, a wish to undo all that thirty years of civic administration have done. We fear that not even the rejection of so important a functionary would restore to Troyes all that those thirty years have swept away—the Church of the Jacobins, or the ancient Butchery, or the palace of the Counts, or the lordly circuit of its walls. But losses like these have taken less from the interest of Troyes than they would have taken from that of most towns. Its charm lies not so much in feudal or ecclesiastical remains as in the tall pargeted houses, the steep gables with the deeply-recessed arch in their front, the large courtyards with the galleries round them, the rusted pulleys or the projecting dormers which reveal the real life of the Nuremberg of France. The character of the town is indicated by its very site. It lies in a gentle dip of the monotonous level, the lower city huddled round its cathedral on an almost imperceptible slope to the east, the upper grouped round the Hôtel de Ville on the higher rise to the west. The two are still as distinct as ever, and the canal which runs in the hollow between them serves, as the comital palace which it swept away did of old, to sever the town of the merchant from the town of the bishop and the count.

Of the last of these, as it is the older part of the whole, we will speak first. It is a little amusing to recall the steep hill-side of Lincoln in these flats of Champagne, but the way in which the castle and cathedral of our English city are set side by side may enable the reader to understand the arrangements of the lower town of Troyes. Over its southern half towers the mass of the Minster of St. Peter, with the Bishop's borough sloping gently by the narrow, tangled streets of the old Butchery to the island and mills which mask the head-waters of Seine. To the north of it is the site of the military fortress, which time and Henri Quatre have united to destroy. To the cathedral itself guide-books, and even Mr. Fergusson's notice in his *History of Architecture*, give scant justice. No doubt much of the detail has been tampered with by modern restoration, and though the charge of insufficient height which the last writer brings is unfair enough, the nave, in spite of the double aisle on either side, is perhaps a little tame and ineffective. But, within and without, in the perfect proportions of each bay, and in the noble grouping of its outer chapels, the choir is hardly to be surpassed. The episcopal history of the town, however, is uneventful, nor does the list of its prelates present any name of remarkable eminence. They were, in fact, overshadowed by the Counts. It is strange, as one stands on the grassy site of their donjon, or beside the canal which has obliterated their palace, to think how utterly all trace of the House of Champagne has vanished from its capital. None of the great houses of France were destined to so strange a fate. Inheritors by marriage of the Carolingian blood, by geographical position alike dependent and independent of France and of the Empire, welding gradually together the belt of provinces from Chartres and Touraine by Blois to Troyes which held as in a prison-house the infant realm of Hugh Capet, the descendants of Thibaut the Trickster seemed, through the ninth and tenth centuries, to hold the fortunes of France in their hands. The earlier kings were but their puppets, the earlier Counts of Anjou, after plundering them of their fairest province, baffled their attempt to found a royal line in Stephen, and set an Angevin count on the throne of William and of Alfred. The truth is that the Counts, brilliant, ambitious as they were, wanted the patience, the force, the restless energy, which in their different ways lifted their three rivals to greatness. At home, however, their rule seems to have been very mild and beneficent. Like the neighbouring rulers of Flanders, their policy bent itself especially to the encouragement of industry, and

now that the statelier memorials of their rule have disappeared, its memory is touchingly preserved by a gift which for seven centuries has proved the life of their capital. By canalizing the head-waters of Seine and distributing them through the town, the Counts gave its mills a force which is estimated in our own days at more than a thousand horse-power. In this gift lay the secret of the stubborn vitality which has carried Troyes over a series of catastrophes which would have been fatal to most towns, and, above all, over the cessation of the great commercial exchange with which its name is most familiarly connected.

It is not often that we refer our readers to Mrs. Mangnall's catechism, but there is one answer in that remarkable compilation of useful knowledge which unfolds succinctly enough the main interest of Troyes. The ingenious questioner who asks why a certain table is called Troy weight is told that it received its name from its use at the fair of Troyes. Through the eleventh and twelfth centuries its fair stood first among the great commercial gatherings in which the reviving spirit of trade and industry was undoing the isolation of the darker ages which had passed away. But even in destroying these they illustrated in a very vivid way the local jealousies, the industrial hostility, of the world which they were transforming. Just as in the one great fair which still preserves the tradition of the past, the Russian fair of Novgorod, the jealousy of guilds and peoples showed itself at Troyes in the separate stations occupied by the various trades and languages as they stood marshalled on the hill slope that led down to the abbey of Notre-Dame. Below the drapers of Flanders stood the merchants of the Levant; the traders of Arras were face to face with the money-changers of Cahors; beneath the buttresses of St. John's sat the Luca bankers; the narrow side streets were full of the stalls of Montauban and Douai, or of traffickers who thronged thither from the rose-gardens of Provença. Hay-market and leather-market clustered round the abbey walls, and in the midst of the hungry, disorderly crowd, the provident care of the Counts had established an oven and a pillory. All the local names which preserved these curious details have been swept away by the spirit of modern improvement, but the street now called the Rue Notre-Dame, which leads down the slope of the upper town to the Préfecture, has, in fact, grown out of the long line of moveable stalls which formed the Fair. In the midst of it stands the Church of St. John, originally the chapel of the traders, but linked by one memorable event with our own national history. The Treaty of Troyes, in which the succession of France passed with the hand of Katherine to Henry of Lancaster, was signed before the high altar of the cathedral; the wooing, so oddly told by Shakespeare, must have taken place in the palace of the Counts. The marriage itself was celebrated in the Church of St. John. Strange as its general effect is, the church is worthy of its historic renown. Its great length gives it the air of being a far grander building than it really is. The nine bays of its nave look even longer through the flatness of the low vaulting, while a weird surprise is flung over the whole by the sudden rise of the choir to almost double the height of the western portion of the church. We can hardly doubt that Henry's choice of the church for his marriage was part of that policy of conciliation towards the merchant class which showed itself at home in his commercial legislation, and in the elaborate accounts of his victories which he forwarded to his citizens of London. The Fair had, indeed, long lost its earlier importance in the fifteenth century, but the fine houses of the merchant princes of that date, with their huge recessed gables and picturesque oriels projecting over the street, show that even then it remained one of the great industrial centres of France. It is this strictly industrial character which distinguishes its history so sharply from that of most towns of its class. It is often as interesting to notice what is not in a town as what is in it, and what the eye at once misses in Troyes is any monument of purely municipal life. The fine Hôtel de Ville is of comparatively modern date; there is no town tower, no *beffroi*, as at Amiens or St. Riquier, to tell of struggles for liberty, or for the political independence of the commune. Perhaps it was a little difficult to quarrel even for independence with such sovereigns as the Count of Champagne. But this utter absence of all elements strange to our modern ideas gives us, as we stand in its streets, a sense of continuous life such as we seldom find elsewhere. From its first origin till to-day the life of the town moves without a break. Its very site indicated the peaceful, busy temper which it has preserved throughout; Celtic as is its origin, the gentle dip of the city of the Tricassini forms a startling contrast to the height crowned with the towers of Celtic Chartres. It is a busy thriving place still, and is evidently sharing in the fresh commercial impulse which recent legislation has given to the towns of Northern France. But its charm lies in the fact that trade and commerce are no new comers in it; the frequent wains, the whirl of the stocking-loom, the cotton bales piled in its courtyards, are only the continuation of an industrial energy which reaches back for eight hundred years.

The most exquisite monument of architectural art within its walls is, in fact, the consecration of this industrial spirit. Son of a poor cobbler of Troyes, Jacques Pantaléon rose from the post of choir-boy in its cathedral to the highest office in the mediæval Church. As a Pope he is famous for the cruel extinction of the House of Hohenstaufen, and for the handing over of Southern Italy to Charles of Anjou. As a citizen of Troyes he has left a nobler memorial in the church which he erected on the site of his father's shop. Mere fragment as it is, for of the nave only a single story was ever completed, St. Urban's ranks among the finest

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examples of the art of the thirteenth century. It is idle to compare it, as is sometimes done, with the Sainte Chapelle; its characteristic feature is rather to be found in the union of the perfect grace and purity of such a rival with a freedom and variety of decorative treatment which is especially its own. Within, there is something German in the detached repetition of the lower window tracery, and in the window-like treatment of the transeptal doors, but the chief decoration of the building is lavished on its exterior. Here ornament is carried to its furthest limit without ever becoming feeble or false; the quatrefoils of the windows encased in detached tabernacle work which points up to the graceful line of the balustrade; the delicate flying buttresses resting on piers, every one of which is treated as a separate work of art. The church, continued after the Pope's death by his nephew, remains unfinished as he left it, with the original wooden pent-houses which served as a temporary western porch. M. Viollet le Duc is said to have in his portfolio a plan for its restoration, and, judging by our experience of French restoration, we should advise all students of architecture who wish to see the work of Pope Urban and not of M. Viollet le Duc, to set about seeing St. Urbain's at once. For such students there is a great deal more that is worth seeing at Troyes. Not a trace of Romanesque work, indeed, remains; but, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, the series of architectural illustrations is complete. The cathedral itself advances bay by bay from the pure first-pointed of its choir-chapels to the profuse Flamboyant of its western front. St. John's represents the transition from the last style to that of the Renaissance, and the style of the Renaissance is characteristically expressed in the Church of St. Pantaléon. Small as it is, the last church in its extravagance of ornament offers the most instructive of contrasts to the Church of St. Urbain. Nowhere does the eye seize more clearly the difference between the decorative detail which flows naturally, as it were, from the character of the fabric, and ornament stuck in to hide constructional deficiencies. Exquisite as, in its own way, it undoubtedly is, the famous *jube* of the Church of the Madeleine contrasts in the same unfavourable way with the severe beauty of the transept in which it is placed. The town is, in fact, full of objects of the highest interest, and deserves far greater notice than it has as yet obtained. It is at any rate well worth a visit by any who are looking for a resting-place on their way to Basle.

THE LAST OF ST. PANCRAS.

THE St. Pancras Guardians have disappeared in what they probably consider a blaze of glory. At the inquest last Monday fresh evidence poured in to demonstrate the condition of the sick wards, and to fix the responsibility of it upon the Workhouse authorities. In No. 24 Ward, in which the subject of the inquest had died, water has been found in the principal air-shaft which, upon being analysed, showed traces of sewage contamination. Throughout the Infirmary the number of beds has actually been increased since the 1st of November. In July last there were only 168 patients, but during the present month there have been 203. The Guardians seem to have been so inspired by the success of their policy in the case of Murphy that they hastened to expose 35 additional paupers to the chance of "accelerated" death. Perhaps, however, the testimony which does them most credit is that of Mr. Blake, the former Master of the Workhouse. This witness drew a striking contrast between the conduct of the present Guardians and that of their predecessors. The "old" Guardians found the Infirmary ill-ventilated and ill-drained, and if they had but taken advantage of their opportunities they might now have the same comfortable consciousness of having done their best to reduce the surplus population which no doubt sustains the admirers of the new policy. Instead of which they drafted off twelve patients to University College Hospital, "and would have sent more if they could have been taken in," and they hurried on the new Infirmary so that it could have been put into a state to receive patients as long ago as last October. The present Guardians came into office just in time to overturn these arrangements. Their first act was to repudiate all share in the building of the new Infirmary, with the view of getting leave from the Poor Law Board to abandon it altogether; and when this was found to be impossible, they threw all the obstacles they could in the way of its completion. The deaths that have occurred, and will probably yet occur, as a result of the consequent overcrowding, will form their undying title to the confidence of their grateful constituents.

It is difficult, however, wholly to acquit the Poor Law Board of weakness in the initial stages of this business. So long as the "old" Guardians were keeping down the number of beds by every means at their disposal, and exerting themselves to the utmost to get the new Infirmary ready for use, it was natural enough that the Board should tolerate an amount of overcrowding which had no defenders, and was already condemned. But when the present Guardians abandoned all idea of drafting off patients, or of completing the Infirmary, and even evinced discontent because a building which Dr. Edward Smith, "who requires less cubic space than any other medical authority," had pronounced capable of holding 144 patients, had no more in it than 168, this forbearance ought surely have come to an end. The right course, as it seems to us, would have been for the Board to forbid the admission of more than the certified number into the Infirmary, and to leave it to the Guardians to determine whether the overplus should be

placed in a temporary building or relieved at their own homes. It is quite possible that such a step on the part of the Poor Law Board would have been followed by a temporary defeat, but under the circumstances a defeat would have been worth far more than a victory. It would have led almost certainly to immediate legislation, and in the present position of Poor-law affairs legislation is the one thing needful. Even as it is, Mr. Goschen will be greatly to blame if he does not turn his recent experience to permanent account. For more than six months the St. Pancras Guardians have been allowed to outrage humanity and common sense with entire impunity; and if their confidence in themselves had not failed at the last moment, it is by no means certain that the same permission might not have been extended to them for six months longer. Fortunately for the paupers under their control, they have not thought fit to try the experiment. Whether from late-born remorse, or from indisposition to expose themselves any longer to the unanimous condemnation of the respectable press, or from simple disgust at their failure to get their exertions in the cause of keeping down rates by reducing the number of paupers sufficiently appreciated, they have not offered that stolid opposition to the suggestions of the Commissioners about the new Infirmary which might have been looked for at their hands. Mr. Fleming's letter displays a peremptoriness which rarely characterizes the correspondence of the Poor Law Board. Five wards in the New Infirmary are to be fitted up without a moment's loss of time, and the Poor Law Board, under medical supervision, takes upon itself the responsibility of removing the 170 sick for whom accommodation will thus be provided. No alternative proposal on the part of the Guardians will be listened to, as the consideration of anything of the kind would involve fresh delay, and to this the Board can "on no consideration be a party." This is unusual language for the Commissioners to use towards a Board of Guardians, and it has answered beyond expectation. A Committee, in which the "old" Guardians are largely represented, has been appointed to carry out the order, and we begin to entertain a faint hope that we have heard the last of the St. Pancras squabbles. Even the proceedings at the close of the meeting on Monday are not wholly discouraging. That the Visiting Committee should have waited till nearly all the Guardians had left before proposing the dismissal of a nurse for giving damaging evidence at the Coroner's inquests may show that they no longer have the whole Board under their control; and the resolution to prevent the late Master from ever entering the Workhouse savours so strongly of lunacy that it may be doubted whether those who adopted it will be allowed to go much longer at large. So far as the public are concerned, Dr. Edmunds, Mr. Watkins, and their congenial colleagues are already fading into thin air. For their own sakes we trust that some prickings of conscience will accompany them in their retreat.

Let it be supposed, however, that the St. Pancras Guardians had refused to obey the Poor Law Board, what could the Commissioners have done? Our own impression is that they could have done practically nothing, and that if the partisans of local misgovernment had held their ground and defied their superiors, the intended transfer of paupers from the old to the new Infirmary might have been delayed indefinitely. The order could only have been enforced, we imagine, by means of a *mandamus*, and in matters of this sort the Queen's Bench is extremely chary of lending its aid. It is probable that any attempt to remedy this glaring defect in our Poor-law system will be met with the usual outcry against "centralization," but Mr. Goschen will not be without supporters in disregarding any such interested opposition. The objection to centralization is that a central authority does not do local work as well as the local authority; and this argument loses all its value when the local authority has been proved unable or unwilling to do the work demanded of it. It is quite possible that the Poor Law Board would not manage the St. Pancras Infirmary as well as a really competent body of local Guardians, such as the parish possessed up to Easter last. But there can be no question that they would manage it infinitely better than the knot of obstructives who have disgraced St. Pancras since that time. The object, therefore, of any remedial legislation should be twofold—first, to empower the Poor Law Board, in the event of the refusal of a Board of Guardians to execute necessary reforms, to carry them out of its own authority; and, secondly, to provide for the dissolution of a Board of Guardians, with a view to a fresh election, whenever the original Board has been thus superseded. The aim of this latter provision would be to make the duration of the abnormal system of administering parish affairs from without as short as possible. In the St. Pancras case, for example, the Poor Law Board, after satisfying themselves as to the deficiencies of the existing Infirmary, and the propriety of immediately reducing the number of patients consigned to it, would some time ago have issued a positive order to make other and adequate provision for the surplus inmates. Upon the refusal of the Guardians to comply with these directions, the Board would at once have made the necessary provision itself, and it would then have ordered a new election, so as to give the ratepayers an opportunity of choosing representatives willing to administer the Poor-laws in harmony with the intentions of Parliament. If, as considering the proceedings of certain ratepayers on Tuesday would probably have happened, the parish had declared its confidence in the existing administration by refusing to return any other, the Poor Law Board would have continued to do the Guardians' work for them. It is just possible, however, that in a case of proved misconduct on the part of the Guardians, the better sort of ratepayers

might have mustered in sufficient numbers to turn the scale. If they had not done so, the control of Poor-law business in the parish would have remained in the hands of the Commissioners while the indispensable reforms were being effected, after which the local authorities would again have resumed their functions until such time as they had again proved their incapacity to discharge them.

There is no question that legislation of this kind would be angrily opposed by an immense weight of local influence of the lowest order. With a large class of persons, liberty to manage their own affairs means liberty to manage them ill. If only the ratepayers who hold this view were injured by its being carried into practice, Parliament might not think it necessary to interfere. A voluntary sojourn of Guardians and ratepayers in the St. Pancras sick wards would be a species of happy despatch which could hardly be carried too far for the prosperity of the parish. But in this case, unfortunately, the people who suffer and the people who inflict suffering are not the same; and though the Murphys who die by dozens in the open sewers of the St. Pancras Infirmary are only sick paupers, they are British subjects after all, and as such have a title to be protected against wanton slaughter. The sort of legislation which has here been suggested is not, we believe, a whit more stringent than is necessary to insure them this protection. That the powers given by it will be abused, no one who knows the strength of local resistance, and the unwillingness of any central authority to do anything which it can possibly avoid doing, will for a moment believe. In England there is almost as much need for delocalization as there is in some Continental countries for decentralization. It is an abuse of words to apply the term self-government to a system which allows a Board of Guardians to make mountebanks of themselves at the expense of paupers' lives.

CLERICAL COUNTY VOTERS.

AN effect, possibly unforeseen, of the movement in favour of "free and open churches" has been to place many London incumbents under disqualification for the county franchise. The minister of a district church in the metropolis may have an income arising from several different sources, and yet be unable to show a title to be registered as the owner of a freehold interest in land yielding or capable of yielding 40s. a year. The freehold of the church, as we all know, is vested in the incumbent; and if the pews in it are let, and the rents, or a certain portion of them, are assigned to the incumbent, he has a freehold estate—namely, the church—actually producing income. But in many modern churches the seats are all free, and the incumbent depends for his own maintenance beyond the endowment, if there be any, and for the expenses of public worship, upon the voluntary contributions of his congregation. It is beyond doubt that the seats of a free church, although the occupiers of them do in fact contribute to the minister's support, do not yield such an income as affords a qualification for a county vote. But there are several other usual sources of income of incumbents of district churches, and it has been lately contended that some one or more of them would supply the necessary qualification. These churches are usually endowed by a grant from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and sometimes also by a grant from the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty; and the minister receives fees on marriages, churchings, sometimes on baptisms, and on burials. A grant from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would be charged upon the general fund or property of the Commission, consisting of land, tithes, and invested money, and an annual payment charged upon this fund could not be said to issue wholly out of land, as is necessary in order to give the franchise. And, moreover, the income must arise, not only from land, but from land within the county and parish in which the claim is made; whereas the lands and tithes held by the Commission are to be found in all parts of England. This principle, which was perhaps imperfectly understood in the last century, has been consistently applied by Election Committees and courts of law ever since the decisions of the Middlesex Election Committee in 1804. To constitute a qualification there must not only be a freehold office or benefice—that is, an office or benefice which may be held for life—but there must be annexed to it an income or annual value of 40s., arising or existing in respect of land situate in the parish where the office or benefice is exercised or enjoyed. Thus, if a district church has, as it ought to have, a parsonage-house annexed to it, the qualification would be good; for the incumbent enjoys an annual value of 40s. and upwards in respect of land within his parish. And in the case of an ordinary rural benefice there is not only a parsonage-house, but also glebe-land or tithes, or both, and all are situate or arise within the parish. The law upon this subject may be illustrated by the case of the organist of the New Church in the Strand, which came before the Middlesex Committee. He had been appointed for life, with an annuity secured by deed upon lands in Surrey. If the mere exercise of the office could give a vote, he could have voted in Middlesex, where the duties of his office were performed, and in Surrey for the annuity arising out of lands situate in that county. It was held that the vote was bad for Middlesex. Another illustration may be found in the case of a parish clerk who holds his place during life or good behaviour, and therefore has a freehold office. In some cases there is annexed to this office either land, or a stipend arising from land in the parish; and in these cases the clerk is qualified as a county voter. But in other cases he is paid by fees, and

in those cases he is not qualified, although in the last century he would probably have voted without objection. There are some district churches in the metropolis to which an income is attached under the Ecclesiastical Commission, arising from lands or tithes in some other parish in the metropolis. But a claim made in respect of a benefice in parish A will not be supported by showing that it derives income from land or tithes in parish B; and if the incumbent desires to vote he ought to make his claim, not in parish A, where his church is, but in parish B, where are the lands or tithes out of which he derives payment.

As regards burial fees it is to be observed that burials usually take place, not in a churchyard surrounding the church, but in some cemetery at a distance from it. The incumbent of a district church gets a fee on every burial of a parishioner in the cemetery, and it has been contended that the receipt of these fees would give a qualification for the franchise. But even if the burials took place in churchyards, as they used to do, the fees would not give a vote, because the law considers them to be paid for the personal service of the minister, and not for permission to place the body in the churchyard. It is, we believe, provided in some of the Acts of Parliament regulating cemeteries, that a cemetery or part of a cemetery in which burials of persons belonging to a particular parish take place shall be considered for some purposes as part of that parish. But even this provision cannot make the case stronger than that of burials in the churchyard of a parish; and we have already seen that the fees in respect of such burials do not constitute an income arising out of land, so as to give a qualification. The case of fees for marriages, baptisms, or churchings is even a weaker case than that of fees for burials. The most that can be said is that unless a special license is procured a marriage must be solemnized in a church, and a fee is payable to the incumbent of the church where it is solemnized. But the law considers this fee as paid for the personal service of the minister, and not as an emolument arising out of the land on which the church stands. To revert to one of the illustrations already given, the organist of the New Church in the Strand played the organ in the parish and county for which he claimed to vote; and if he had been paid a fee every time he played, his claim to vote for Middlesex might have been supported by the same argument as has been lately founded on the receipt by incumbents of district churches of fees on marriages. But this argument would certainly have failed.

At the last revision of voters' lists for Middlesex a number of claims on behalf of incumbents of district churches were disallowed, and the decision of the Revising Barrister has been brought under appeal in the Court of Common Pleas, where the Judges found little difficulty in deciding that the Revising Barrister was right. It is possible that the barrister's decision may have been received by the claimants with surprise or dissatisfaction; but when the question which he had to consider is clearly stated, it hardly admits of argument. Indeed the only point that was seriously considered by the Court of Common Pleas was that arising on the marriage fees, and the remainder of the so-called argument was a mere solemn form enacted for the satisfaction of the clerical appellants, and which might be compared to what is called upon the Turf "giving people a run for their money." The notion seems to have prevailed at one time, even among lawyers, that an office or benefice held for life would give the franchise, and probably the Masters and Six Clerks in Chancery were amazed and disgusted when the Middlesex Committee disallowed their votes. In the case of the Masters there was no pretence for saying that the emoluments of their offices were derived from land, but the Six Clerks had each a seat, to which the solicitors of the Court resorted at every step of the proceedings in a cause, and where they paid the fees which at every step were exacted. It might have been contended that this seat was a sort of toll-gate on going into Chancery, but the Committee rightly resolved that "no profit was derived from the seat." The analogy between this case and that of the clergyman taking a marriage fee is obvious, because the bond of marriage is almost as enduring as a suit in Chancery, and the parties to it often agree as well as plaintiff and defendant. Another analogy to the case of the seats of Six Clerks may be found in the case of eel-weirs in the Shannon, which, however, have been allowed to constitute a qualification. The resemblance would be complete if the eels were skinned after being caught. This notion that an office or benefice held for life would give the franchise might be expected to linger in the public mind after lawyers had abandoned it. The parson, it would be said, could not be worse off than the clerk, and clerks have often been allowed to vote without inquiring whether their emoluments were derived from land, or merely from burial or other fees. It may perhaps be thought that ministers of district churches are placed by this decision of the Court of Common Pleas in a position inferior to ministers of Dissenting chapels; but it will be found that these ministers, where they are allowed to vote, derive their qualification either from pew-rents, or from an interest in land held in trust for their support as ministers. The Association for the Defence of the Clergy Franchise had better transform itself into an association for promoting the building of parsonages wherever there are district churches, and thus they will secure to the incumbents of these churches the franchise, and some other benefits which are perhaps more important. The Association resolved that it was expedient to appeal against the decision of the Revising Barrister, and they proceeded to take the laudable step of raising a fund to defray the expenses of litigation. It is always pleasant to lawyers to receive fees, and especially when they come out of the pocket of nobody in particular. It is only

to be regretted that the spirited action of this Association could not put life into a dead case. The question was, indeed, so free from doubt that it could hardly be necessary to hear counsel for the respondent, unless in the expectation that he might say something against himself. But the Court was wholly with the respondent's counsel, and particularly when he said, while dwelling on the case as to marriage fees, that "he should come to the cemetery by-and-by."

REVIEWS.

AMPERE'S HISTORY OF THE FORMATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.*

A BOOK like this makes one think that the gap between the scholar and the general reader must be even wider in France than it is in England. In either country the man who strives to spread abroad correct views as to the history of the national language, or as to any other branch of national history, has to strive against deep and abiding prejudices; but the prejudices are of opposite kinds in the two countries. The Englishman, by a series of self-denying ordinances, cuts himself short both as to chronology and to geography; the difficulty is to make him believe that he is himself and not somebody else. The Englishman gives up ages of history and large regions of territory to which he has the fullest right; the thing which is so hard to persuade him is that his nation and language are as ancient as they really are. The Frenchman, on the other hand, draws within his grasp ages and countries to which he has no manner of claim; the hard thing is to persuade him that the existing forms of his nation and language are so recent and confined within such narrow bounds as they really are. A calm scholarlike book like that of M. Ampère must be even more amazing to the vulgar Frenchman than a book of the same class in England is to the vulgar Englishman. It must be puzzling to be told that the first glimmer of the French tongue is not older than the ninth century, and that a good half of what he is accustomed to look upon as France is for philological purposes a land as foreign as Spain or Italy. It must be puzzling too to find the classical French, the highest politest Parisian, dealt with simply as that one dialect, among several within the real bounds of the French tongue, which has gained a predominance that is purely accidental. He is called upon to believe, not only that French was not spoken at the court of Clovis, but that the speech of Normandy and Picardy is not "bad French," and that the speech of Aquitaine, Languedoc, and Provence is not French at all. Of course these are points about which there is absolutely no dispute among scholars of any nation; there is less dispute indeed than there is about the analogous points in English history. But the ordinary Frenchman must find it even harder to grasp the truth about them than the ordinary Englishman finds it to believe that there were Englishmen before the eleventh century and that Lothian is an English land.

Certainly no Frenchman ever dealt with the history of language with less of French prejudice cleaving to him than M. Ampère. The truth is that it is the study of all others to open men's eyes, and that a scholar very inferior to M. Ampère could not possibly cleave to popular prejudices in the teeth of the clearest facts of his own study. It is only once or twice in the course of this volume that M. Ampère uses language to which the most suspicious criticism could make the shadow of an objection, and so far is he from cringing to popular tastes that he constantly stops to enlarge on the defects of the modern French language, and to show how much it has lost by casting away many of the characteristics of its elder forms.

The book before us is a posthumous second edition. The first was published in 1841. "Ce fut alors," says M. Ampère's editor, "un véritable événement littéraire." It was the first easily available history of the French language, the first easily available grammar of its ancient forms. It represented too the highest philological knowledge of the time. Since that time philological study has greatly advanced, but the researches of later scholars have at most shown that M. Ampère's book needed some correction in detail. The general scheme and the essential substance of his book needed no change. It was M. Ampère's own hope to have published a second edition, and in his will in 1855 he enjoined his executors to do so. The injunction has now been carried into effect, and carried into effect in what we think is the right way. M. Ampère's book has been reprinted as he wrote it, but a scholar of a younger generation, M. Paul Meyer, has been chosen to add notes, pointing out wherever M. Ampère's interpretations and etymologies are now held to be erroneous. We thus get, as we always should get, a standard work as its author wrote it, while M. Meyer's notes form a sort of record of the advance which philology has made in this particular branch between 1841 and 1869.

M. Ampère begins with a preface which has more to do with literature than with language strictly so called. In this he defines his use of the words "middle age," which is peculiar, as it takes in only the time from 1100 to 1400. These three centuries cer-

tainly form a period which has characteristics of its own. It is, as M. Ampère says, divided by sufficiently marked barriers from the times before it. New forms of language, art, and literature, new elements of political, social, and intellectual life, are all springing up. The twelfth century is, according to M. Ampère, the period of growth, the thirteenth the period of perfection, the fourteenth the period of decay, of purely mediæval ideas and institutions. The fifteenth is a period of transition to the more strictly modern ages which follow. Now in all this there is much that is striking and much that is true, and it is worked out with great ingenuity by M. Ampère. Yet we feel in reading it that any one who chose to look at things from some other point of view might, with equal ingenuity, arrange his centuries on some quite different principle. The greatness of the thirteenth century is manifest, but it is quite as easy to treat it, not, as M. Ampère does, as a "culminating" period, but as a period remarkable for the fall of old and the birth of new systems all over Europe and civilized Asia. For instance, M. Ampère says:—

L'Empire, dans la première moitié du moyen âge, est représenté glorieusement par l'illustre famille de Souabe; au douzième siècle, par Frédéric Barberousse; au treizième, par le brillant Frédéric II, qui meurt en 1250, et qui a répandu plus d'éclat qu'aucun autre souverain sur le diadème impérial; ensuite, le déchirement de l'Empire et sa décadence commencent et se continuent jusqu'à Charles IV, qui mutilé et aliène les possessions impériales; enfin, dans la dernière année du quatorzième siècle, en 1400, on dépose le dernier empereur du moyen âge, le faible Venceslas.

The impression which this passage would give would certainly be that the Empire was at its highest point of power and glory in the thirteenth century. And so it was, as far as the personal qualities of Frederick the Second—"stupor mundi Fridericus"—could make it. But what came after Frederick? The great Interregnum, which belongs to the thirteenth century just as much as Frederick does. Any one who chose might with equal truth call the thirteenth century a period of decay in the Empire, and might, on the strength of Henry the Seventh, hold up the fourteenth century as a period of revival. Classifications of this kind may be drawn out, as that of M. Ampère is, with great ingenuity and beauty, and they may set forth one side of the truth; but there is always sure to be another side.

But, leaving the preface, we will go on to the body of M. Ampère's work. He begins by arguing against M. Raynouard's theory of the Origin of the Romance Languages, which had been pretty well refuted in 1834 by Sir George Lewis, whose book we do not think that M. Ampère mentions. The researches of Diez, to which he constantly refers, came between the two. M. Raynouard's great doctrine was that between the Latin and the present Romance languages there intervened one common Romance language, identical or nearly so with the Provençal. French, Italian, and the rest would thus come, not directly from Latin, but from Latin through Provençal. This doctrine may be upset by several arguments. It requires us to believe that language went backwards and forwards in the most unaccountable way. In Provençal the Latin words are cut very short, and are often reduced nearly to their roots. According to M. Raynouard's theory, the roots must have budded and sprouted a second time and have so put forth the fuller Italian forms, often identical or nearly so with the Latin. Again, this theory seems quite overthrown by the existence of the Rouman or Wallachian, or whatever we are to call the Latin speech which Trajan's colonists left behind them in Dacia. The speech of Provence, lying between France, Spain, and Italy, might conceivably have produced French, Spanish, and Italian; it is historically impossible that it can have produced Wallachian. And it is hardly more possible that it can have produced the *Romanesch* and *Ladin* tongues of Graubünden. We may add that the frequent references to Wallachian, a very important member of the Romance family, is an advantage which M. Ampère's book has over that of Sir George Lewis. And, as the special historian of the French tongue, he goes more fully into the details of that particular tongue than Sir George Lewis, whose subject was the Romance languages in general. Still, in reading M. Ampère's book, an Englishman cannot forget that Sir George went before him, and forestalled him in much that he has said.

As M. Ampère so constantly laments the degeneracy of modern French as compared with the older form of the tongue, we may perhaps be allowed to wonder how any people could consent to lose out of their language such words as *moult*, *nef*, *chef* (both lost in their primary sense, though used metaphorically), *chévaucher*. Think of *chévaucher*, and turn to the hopelessness of *se promener à cheval*. No doubt a *chévauchée*, a *caballicatio*, had got a special meaning; it had come to mean a *raid* rather than simply a *ride*; but words have sometimes changed their meanings back again, and surely some means could have been found to save both noun and verb. Again, there is something very odd about a language which when it means *nothing* says *something* (*rien*, *rien*), and when it means *nobody* says *somebody* (*personne*). M. Ampère has very fully worked out the process by which these words, as also *pas*, *point*, and others which have gone out of use, as *mie* from *mica*, got their present quasi-negative force. It is an odd thought that the like might have happened to almost any other word. Henry the Second was fond of saying that he did not care an egg for this and that, and some people now can hardly open their mouths without the like use of the words *bouton* or *fig*. It would have been a droll caprice of language if *auf*, *bouton*, or *figue* had become a negative like *pas* and *point*. "Claf encore," "bouton de tout," would have a very odd sound, but alongside of

* *Histoire de la Formation de la Langue française, pour servir de complément à l'Histoire littéraire de la France.* Par J.-J. Ampère. Deuxième édition. Paris: Didier & Co. 1869.

"pas encore" and "point de tout" there is nothing impossible about them.

But we can hardly afford to throw stones at our neighbours when we remember how we have, among other losses, lost our own grand set of negatives, how we can no longer say *nill*, *nould*, and *nus* as the opposites of *will*, *would*, and *was*, and, worse still, how we can no longer talk of *undoom* and *unlaw*. But we are the more disposed to cleave to our ewe-lamb of inflexion, our cherished genitive which has weathered so many storms, when we see how much of inflexion survived in the old French language which has utterly vanished in the new. It is curious to see how, when a language is losing its inflexions, it clutches as it were desperately at some one or two and uses them everywhere, even where the older tongue used other forms. Thus, of all the genitives and all the plurals of our own ancient tongue, we have taken the genitive in *-es* and the plural in *-as* and applied them (in a contracted shape) to nearly every word in the language, including of course multitudes which were anciently declined in other ways. So of the many Latin endings of the singular nominative, the French seized on that in *-us* and made crowds of words end in *-s* which do not end in *-us* in Latin. We have always been greatly charmed with the old French declensions. Take a typical group:—

Singular.	Plural.
N. <i>Caballus</i> , Chevals	<i>Caballi</i> , Cheval'
A. <i>Caballum</i> , Cheval'	<i>Caballus</i> , Chevals.

The delicacy of this distinction is quite lost in the modern tongue, which keeps only the accusative form of both numbers. We may here mention a point in which Sir George Lewis had got ahead of M. Ampère. There can be no doubt that it is the Latin accusative which gave the *cas régime* of old French, and thereby the form of the noun in modern French. This Sir George Lewis saw clearly; but M. Ampère never seems quite certain about it, and M. Meyer has constantly to correct particular expressions of his on the subject.

M. Ampère goes minutely through the whole grammar of the language, and then comes to the etymological part of his work, the investigation of the process by which Latin changed, through the intermediate stage of Old-French, into the modern tongue. He examines the other elements in the language, of which the most important are the Celtic and the Teutonic. The Celtic element he looks upon as being very small, much smaller than we should have expected. The Teutonic element is much larger. Now here comes a most striking analogy between the history of the French language and that of our own. M. Ampère pointedly and truly insists on the difference in kind between the Latin element in French and any other element; that is to say, the Latin element is in truth not an element at all, but the essence of the language. A few Celtic, and more Teutonic, words have crept in, but they do not affect the personal identity, so to speak, of the language. French, in short, is simply Latin. It is Latin, shorn of its inflexions, with its words strangely contracted and corrupted, with a certain number of foreign, chiefly Teutonic, words, adopted into its vocabulary, but it is still Latin, and not anything else. French, in short, is Latin, just as English is Teutonic. There is a Teutonic infusion in French, just as there is a Latin infusion in English, but neither of them affects the real identity of the language. The Latin infusion in English is no doubt greater in degree than the Teutonic infusion in French, but the two are exactly the same in kind, and the Teutonic infusion in French is really much greater than might be thought at first sight. And in saying that French is Latin, we must always distinguish between the real ancient vocabulary of the language, where the words have gone through the regular laws of change in passing from their Latin into their French stage, and words directly imported from Latin, or sometimes from Italian, since the time of the Renaissance. Thus *cheval*, *chevalier*, are genuine French words; *cavalier* is a later importation from the Italian, receiving a half French impress in its passage; *equitation* is a foolish modern coinage direct from the Latin, while *hippique* is a still more foolish modern coinage direct from the Greek.

If we were to dwell on all the points suggested by M. Ampère's volume, we might go on till our review became much longer than the volume itself. We shall do better to send our readers to the book itself. With the help of M. Meyer's corrections it is a thoroughly trustworthy guide to the history of the French tongue, and a key to that noble old French literature which, from Wace to Monstrelet, has such an important bearing on our own history.

THE ANTIPODES AND ROUND THE WORLD.*

A LOVE of sightseeing is so common in England that the experience of a lady who has seen sights on an extraordinary scale will command sympathy and interest. Miss Frere, now Mrs. Clerke, is as zealous in her vocation as she has been fortunate in her opportunities. In her person *Observation* with extensive view has surveyed the world from China to California, though Peru lay outside of her line of travel. Whether temples or mountains, towns or deserts, were to be seen, nothing came amiss. Her accounts of what she saw are simple and clear, and they are not spoilt by attempts to philosophize. Unlike the ambitious travellers who affect a cosmopolitan impartiality or an aptitude for assimilating foreign modes of thought, Miss Frere looked at all

she saw from the point of view of an English lady, while her energy and curiosity are thoroughly Anglo-Indian. Disliking the rough familiarity which is common in America and Australia, she never pretends to like it; and she is especially intolerant of the assumption of indifference and equality by servants. Nothing would have been easier than to repeat conventional phrases about the advantages of a level and uniform society; but the candid expression of a young lady's tastes and feelings is sometimes as instructive as the exposition of her theories. As far as it is possible to judge from her diary, Miss Frere's sentiments of dislike or disapprobation never affected her temper or spirits. Fatigue, discomfort, and occasional danger were the necessary conditions of seeing the sights of many countries, and all impediments were cheerfully encountered and overcome. The chronic contempt and indignation of the opposite class of travellers is neither unnatural nor devoid of a humorous quality, but the learned Smelfungus who told Mr. Yorick that the Pantheon was an overgrown cockpit contented himself with cultivating his discontent in the beaten track of an Italian tour. A grumbler who voluntarily employed a year of his life in travelling eastward from India to England would provoke ridicule rather than friendly amusement.

Miss Frere left Bombay in the spring of 1865 with her father, on his completion of a long term of civil service. Both of them had probably traversed the ordinary route by way either of Suez or of the Cape; and in pursuit of recreation and variety they determined to return home round the other side of the globe. After commencing their travels with an excursion to the principal Australian settlements and to New Zealand, they returned to Ceylon on their way to China. They visited Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Shanghai, Nankin, and Peking, and they penetrated the country beyond the Great Wall. From China they proceeded to Japan, and, crossing the Pacific to San Francisco, they ultimately found their way by New York and Boston to England. In all the English colonies and settlements they were welcomed by old and new friends, including the chief local functionaries; and consequently Miss Frere enjoyed the most abundant and pleasant facilities in her indefatigable pursuit of visible knowledge. There is much force in her apology for frequent minuteness of detail. As she truly says, readers of books of travel are constantly puzzled by the mention of things which the author assumes to be too plain or familiar for explanation. A certain exercise of the imaginative faculty is required to apprehend the ignorance of the world in general in relation to special subjects. The almost unconscious effort which all sensible people make in talking to a child is almost always neglected in professional communications to the laity; and travellers are in this respect members of one of the most exclusive of professions. Miss Frere sometimes, though rarely, forgets that Indian phrases may be obscure, although she never fails to interpret the technical words of Australia, of China, or of Japan. The insular understanding is but faintly enlightened by the information that a norimon resembles a palkee. In almost all cases her meaning is, as all meaning ought to be, thoroughly transparent, even when she now and then indulges in a ladylike or conversational disregard to the severities of grammar. Whenever Miss Frere has occasion to describe a manufacturing or mechanical process, her accuracy and precision are as remarkable as if she were employed on the specification of a patent or on a working drawing. The results of her own observation are consequently more valuable than social and political conclusions which are fortunately rare, and which are unconsciously borrowed from others. As an Anglo-Indian she naturally dislikes and depreciates Protestant missionaries; and she had probably made up her mind that the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States was a misfortune, before the soundness of her judgment was demonstrated by the bad manners of the negro servants on a Mississippi steamer. The Yosemite Valley, Niagara, and other established sights, have been described often enough; nor are the countries in which English is spoken well adapted to Miss Frere's vocation as a traveller. It is perfectly right and natural that a young lady accustomed to good society should despise the costumes of Broadway and the quadrille figures of St. Louis; but the discovery that Belgravia has no counterpart in Kentucky is scarcely instructive. Miss Frere has nevertheless added one or two original characters to the crowded gallery of pictures of American life. There is great merit in the lamentations of a discontented London omnibus-driver who had found his way to California:—

Waal, no; I don't like the Americans. I don't like the ladies. They aint like English ladies. Why, if you offer them a drop of spirits, or even malt liquor, they think it something dreadful; and I says, "Why our ladies, where I came from, takes their liquor, and even a glass of spirits maybe, as cheerful and pleasant as possible"; and then I never see'd 'em as drunk as I see'd American ladies.

Another driver goes to the very foundation of politics in explaining the reasons for making Chinese workmen in California pay a special tax:—

"None but the Chinese pay any tax."

"How is that?"

"Waal, just because they can make 'em yer see; they come here, and don't know very much; and so, they just make 'em pay four dollars a month: its unconstitutional no doubt; but they can do it, and so they do."

The theory of taxation and of government was never more clearly explained; but, after all, the sayings of casual philosophers by the wayside would furnish but scanty materials for a book of travels. The larger part of Miss Frere's volume is happily devoted to countries where there was everything strange to see, and where,

* *The Antipodes and Round the World*. By Alice M. Frere (Mrs. Godfrey Clerke). London: Hatchards.

in the absence of an intelligible language, there was nothing to hear. The resident chaplain, indeed, at Canton promised to furnish notes of the history and traditions of an ancient pagoda, but he had the good sense to break his word; and Miss Frere is forced to content herself and to amuse her readers by an account of drinking tea with the keeper of the building, whom she calls the abbot. As she justly observes, "to give any general account of the manners and customs of the Chinese is impossible, unless a person devotes a life's attention to the subject." Her own life, or rather that portion of it which was passed in China, was much better occupied. Her indefatigable studies of shops, of temples, of canal boats, and of all other local objects produce a remarkably vivid picture of external Chinese life. In common with other travellers in the same singular country, Miss Frere creates or recalls a feeling of surprise at the frequent coincidence of an original and separate civilization with the customs of Europe. The nation which first used printing-presses, gunpowder, and paper also anticipated by many centuries the modern invention of visiting-cards. Miss Frere kept the card left for her father by the Taoutai or chief magistrate of Hankow. "It was about the size of an ordinary sheet of note-paper, of a brilliant scarlet colour, with his name in large black letters." The characters in the admirable novel of the *Two Cousins*, which was translated by M. Remusat from the Chinese original written in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, leave cards at the houses where they call, when the owner is not at home. The ladies, indeed, may always be considered as not at home, for even English ladies think themselves obliged to avoid the shock which their presence might cause to the feelings of a well-bred Chinese visitor. "The treatment of women in China," as Miss Frere infers from their not receiving morning-calls, "is horrible to English minds." It is consolatory to be assured that, in spite of horrible treatment, "the women are said to be very happy, except that, where the wives are numerous, domestic brawls are equally so." In their excursion into the Mongolian tableland beyond the Great Wall, Miss Frere and her party stayed at inns with the singular names or signs which were recorded in the travels ascribed to M. Huc. The inn of Profit and Harmony, the inn of Glory and Felicity, the inn of the Cardinal Virtues, prove, by the oddity of the titles, that Chinese Tartars have long since attained the stage of cultivation in which abstract notions excite intellectual interest. In a still more advanced period moral generalizations are rejected as dull, insipid, pedantic, and necessarily inaccurate. An imaginative race would not have been satisfied with prosaic phrases; but only an educated and literary people would introduce glory, felicity, and harmony into the popular language. The inns themselves, as they appear in Miss Frere's faithful record, are not luxurious, though they are perhaps not much less comfortable than remote public-houses in Scotland or in Wales. If they contained any writer of diaries he might inform his countrymen that English ladies, when they have nothing to do, sometimes amuse themselves by shooting with rifles at a mark consisting of a sheet of the *Saturday Review*. Chinese customs and manners are well worth describing from various points of view, although there is an unavoidable sameness in successive books of travel. Notwithstanding the assurances which the Chinese Government has conveyed through a foreign diplomatist to the credulous nations of the West, there can be no doubt of the intention both of the rulers and of the people to resist as far as possible the modern innovations which are recommended by European ambassadors and merchants; but even Chinese love of habit will be unable to counteract the effects of an incessant flow and ebb of emigration. Of the thousands who cross the sea to the Pacific States of America a large portion is constantly returning, not perhaps impressed with gratitude to Californian legislators and tax-gatherers, but accustomed to railways, to telegraphs, to mines, and above all to high wages. If a population trained under American masters is to be permanently governed by a competitive aristocracy, both the subjects of examination and the whole administrative system must be fundamentally altered. If oddities hereafter become as scarce in China as in other parts of the world, a zealous observer who has diligently used her opportunities may have preserved some curious peculiarities from oblivion.

Of all the islands and continents which she traversed Miss Frere liked Japan the best, and her narrative of her residence there is perhaps the most interesting part of her book. It is true that in almost every instance the insatiable curiosity of the travellers was baffled by the courteous determination of the Japanese that foreigners should see as little as possible of their country. Miss Frere and her friends made the most gallant attempts to see whatever was forbidden to be shown; but their guides raised difficulties, doors were shut in their faces, or they were kept in conversation until it was too late in the day to prosecute their inquiries. At some future time the temples and the other sights of Japan will probably become more accessible; and meanwhile there must be sufficient amusement and interest in looking at the streets, the houses, and the people. In some respects the Japanese are superior to their neighbours in China, being cleaner in their habits, more ready to adopt improvements, and extraordinarily skilful in the imitation and adoption of mechanical contrivances. Their importance in future history might perhaps equal that which awaits the Chinese if they were three hundred and fifty millions strong. At present the Japanese aristocracy approach more nearly than Chinese graduates to the European type. Miss Frere is probably the first visitor to the country who has observed an interesting

likeness between the higher officials of the country and English bishops or archdeacons:—

In the dusk of the evening, unless one happened to see the peculiar cut of the hair, or the face, one would almost believe it to be a high dignitary of our Church standing near. They wore knee-breeches and gaiters, and a square cut coat, high at the throat. When without gaiters they showed black silk stockings, and generally wore English shoes. The only difference in the costume of each was the colour and pattern of a little worked patch on the coat at the back of the neck. I believe this is the crest of the wearer.

The dress of a bishop is less picturesque than the robes and turban of an Indian prince, yet it is possible that the respectable associations which are connected with black breeches and silk stockings might enable the Japanese to escape the opprobrious title which commonplace Englishmen bestow on the larger part of the world. As Greece had its Barbarians and the Jewish race its Gentiles, commercial and military England recognises only "niggers" beyond the limits of European complexion and civilization; yet Miss Frere asserts that one Japanese gentleman, at whose house she drank tea, was distinguished by the finest manners of all persons whom she had seen, with the exception of one Englishman and of one American.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

MRS. OLIPHANT'S style is always charming, and it would be difficult to find pleasanter reading than her two volumes of Sketches. She makes no pretence of being an independent historical investigator. She has unearthed no new documents. She has not revolutionized the popular conception of any well-known personage. Her reading shows no traces of having extended beyond the range of the most ordinary and accessible authorities. Her aim has simply been, by means of judicious selection and careful and sympathetic painting, to form a portrait-gallery which shall illustrate the characteristics of a given age.

We think that she has on the whole been very successful. The period which she has chosen is one which is eminently suited for biographical treatment. The public history of England during the reign of George II. is not of a kind to which we can look back with satisfaction, or which we can study with pleasure. Its foreign policy is made up of ignoble, confused, and aimless bickerings, its domestic policy of a series of selfish struggles for place. No great reforms, no heroic contests, no brilliant feats of arms illustrate the dull rule of Walpole and the Pelhams, and we wade through their tedious and eventless annals with *ennui* and disgust. But the result is widely different if we turn from politics to society. Here the scene is full of life, variety, and movement. It is true that the principal actors are not, for the most part, troubled with any very high thoughts or complex feelings; but just for that reason they have laid bare their characters, for the benefit of their correspondents and of posterity, with a sincerity and completeness which is impossible to a more serious or impassioned generation.

Mrs. Oliphant's two volumes consist of twelve biographical studies, intended to supply portraits of the most characteristic figures of the reign of George II. They are headed the Queen, the Minister, the Man of the World, the Woman of Fashion, the Poet, the Young Chevalier, the Reformer, the Sailor, the Philosopher, the Novelist, the Sceptic, and the Painter. Caroline of Anspach deservedly heads the series. Her feminine biographer is justified in pointing to her as a conspicuous instance of the genius for governing which women so constantly develop, "perhaps the only branch of mental work," says Mrs. Oliphant, "in which the feminine mind has attained a true and satisfactory greatness." For ten years it was she who ruled England in the name of her husband. Her position was no easy one. She had to govern a country which did not pretend any affection for the ruling dynasty, and which avowedly kept it in its place merely for the sake of convenience; and, a still harder task, she had to keep in order the strutting little creature, with low tastes and an abominable temper, to whom she was bound for life. She did both well. She was not a heroic ruler or an austere matron. But she ruled her country and her household in a sound, practical, businesslike way, *sic ut bona materfamilias*, by means of shrewdness, tact, and common sense; above all by the exercise of that truly feminine art of governing under the semblance of submission. Under these circumstances she could not afford to be squeamish in her choice of means; and squeamish she certainly was not. There is no doubt that she loved her husband; yet her tolerance, nay her encouragement, of his amours is something hardly comprehensible in this less easy-going age. But the notion of conjugal duties was different then, and besides, as Mrs. Oliphant sensibly remarks, we should not forget that Caroline was past forty when she ascended the throne, and that is a period of life when love assumes a much less romantic and more matter-of-fact and tolerant form. Mrs. Oliphant's description of these strange domestic relations is well and skilfully drawn, and is faithful without being coarse. Lord Hervey's marvellous picture of the Queen's deathbed, a scene quite unequalled in its combination of the tragic and the grotesque, is one which it is impossible to add to or to improve; a biographer must content himself, as Mrs. Oliphant has done and as Thackeray did before her, with reproducing it.

To the Queen succeeds the Minister. We have a pleasantly

* *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

written narrative of the leading incidents in Sir Robert Walpole's long administration; but when Mrs. Oliphant comes to a delineation of his character, she frankly confesses herself unable to give substance to the "burly shadow." What is to be made of a man whose principles of government are based on no great ideas, and who apart from his office is nothing? "A sort of rubicund shadow, drinking, toasting, troling forth lusty songs, swearing big oaths, full of healthy heartlessness and good humour, and indifference to all codes either of love or morals, faintly appears by moments about the busy scene." This is all we can make of his private character. As to his public character, that appears in clearer colours. Clear-sightedness, tolerance, resource, a useful knack of Parliamentary oratory, above all a capacity for business, that most indispensable element of statesmanship which is so often made to do duty for the whole—these are the qualities by which he won and kept his place. They are not qualities which place a man in the first rank of statesmen, yet beside Walpole his contemporaries and his successors, the Pelhams, appear pigmies. It is customary to say, in Walpole's excuse, that he was the man the age required, that the Government was too unstable to attempt anything more than to keep itself in its place, and that the country wished for nothing more. This is the plea urged on behalf of all Ministers of the Melbournian and Palmerstonian type. We question its sufficiency. Doubtless Walpole suited his age; the only question is whether a Minister of another type could not have made his age better. A statesman with great aims would have ennobled, we believe he would have strengthened, the Hanoverian dynasty.

Lord Chesterfield is the Man of the World. The picture of his life is a melancholy one. Well-born, brilliant, and accomplished, he was an unsuccessful statesman and a disappointed father, whilst as a patron of literature he has been condemned by Dr. Johnson's famous letter to an unenviable immortality. Mrs. Oliphant has touched on all the sides of his varied career, but with a true woman's instinct she has seized and brought into especial relief the episode which lends a strange element of pathos to an otherwise heartless and hollow life—his relations to his son. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the cold, worldly maxims of the father, and the eager, constant, anxious affection with which he strives to imprint them on the son's dull and unpliant material:—

It is the most curious situation, humorous, touching, laughable. Out of the clouds and darkness appears the one man talking eagerly, straining his eyes, straining all his faculties, employing all the resources of infinite skill and patience to touch and influence the other; and that other opposing a dead silence, a heavy acquiescence, a passive resistance to all this vehemence, eagerness, and passion. The poor fellow's brains must have got confused with the eloquence poured forth upon him, the keen pricks of ridicule, the instructions which omit nothing, and leave nothing to private judgment. The spectator weeps a tear of blood for the father, thus staking all upon one throw; but there is also a certain pity in his mind for the boy. What effect could such perpetual stimulants have upon a tame nature incapable of any sovereign impulse? Philip Stanhope must have listened with weariness, with dull struggles of impatience, with a growing bewilderment—he must have sought refuge in silence, in obscurity, and concealment. No doubt he felt with the infallible certainty of self-consciousness that he was not a man who could ever fill up the ideal set before him. The desire of his soul must have been to be let alone.

The colours in the whole of this picture may be overcharged, but it is excellently drawn, and is in some respects the best thing in the book.

Different as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is from Lord Chesterfield, their lives present the same combination of a brilliant exterior with a secret domestic trouble, which was in Lady Mary's case a careless and unloving husband, and a disgraced and profligate son. Mrs. Oliphant regrets that she cannot use the novelist's privilege of ending her story with the runaway match which united Lady Mary to her prig of a husband. She tells gracefully the story of her early love-passages, insists on the futility of the parallel which has so often been drawn between her and Madame de Sevigné, and defends the bold step which she took in leaving her home and her husband, and going to Italy to spend in solitude the last third of her life. The character is drawn throughout by a friendly hand, but it abounds in delicate touches and sympathetic criticism. Much less successful is the study which has Pope for its subject. Mrs. Oliphant has no sympathy with his genius, and therefore she denies him an individual character, and does imperfect justice to the vain and fretful but great and brilliant mind which was imprisoned within his puny and misshapen frame. A spirited sketch of the Young Pretender, his winning and genial ways, his marvellous but short-lived successes, and his hairbreadth escapes, closes the first volume. The addition of his portrait was needed to contribute a romantic element to the group amongst whom we have hitherto moved. Keeping this artistic end in view, Mrs. Oliphant confines herself almost exclusively to the stirring events of the year '45, and draws a veil over the ignoble and miserable story of Charles's later years.

Thus far the picture has been that of a society gay, brilliant, and polite, but shallow, licentious, and immoral, heedless of religion, and apparently unconscious of its existence or its need. Now comes the reverse of the medal. Out of the heart of this gay and thoughtless generation rose a protest against religious indifference and fashionable license, which, originating in a little band of earnest, but narrow and priggish, young ascetics at Oxford, gathered in force as it went, till it obtained an almost undivided sway over the minds of the middle-class, brought the gospel home to the ignorant masses as it had not been brought for centuries, imposed decency on, if it did not extinguish, fashionable vice, and

gave new life to the Anglican Church, whilst sweeping far beyond its narrow borders. The wave of religious movement which began with John Wesley seems in our day to have spent its force, and to be gradually receding. What was the real extent and nature of the influence exercised by Methodism on English history and character, in what respects its solution of the religious problem was limited and unsatisfactory, how far it is capable of being reconciled with science and culture—these are questions too wide to be more than hinted at in a short essay. Mrs. Oliphant, whose *Life of Edward Irving* gave her a high place among religious biographers, and whose novels display an intimate acquaintance with various forms of English religious life, has in her sketch of John Wesley, the great eighteenth-century reformer, kept for the main part closely to the narrative of his life. This had already been well told by Southey, but it will bear repetition, and it could not be dressed more gracefully than in its present form. The pleasant, quaint, methodical Lincolnshire home; the mother whose anxiety to give a practical form to her religion disturbed her husband's narrow propensities and prefigured her son's greater career; the mystical and self-conscious asceticism of the Oxford life; the unpractical and unsuccessful voyage to Georgia; the manner in which Wesley was gradually drawn by his simpler and humbler, and therefore bolder henchman, Whitfield, to break the bonds of Church decorum, and preach to the people regardless of conventional times and places; Wesley's genius for governing, his untiring zeal in preaching, the marvellous effects wrought on the listeners, and the scoffs of the unconverted—all this is well and picturesquely described.

To pass to the other sketches in this volume. Anson is hardly a sufficiently conspicuous figure to be picked out as a representative man. The story of his circumnavigation, of the perils, the sufferings, and the pluck of captain and crew, have delighted many a schoolboy, and it is so pleasant to read it all again that we can hardly find fault with Mrs. Oliphant for reproducing it. But she cannot add much to the chaplain's simple narrative, and here and there, when she attempts to improve upon it, she falls into tricks of language which remind us unpleasantly of the Kingsley school. What is gained by talking about "this grand ravine in the lonely isle, kept by God for his own pleasure up to that moment"? We prefer the chaplain. Some of Hogarth's pictures are well described, but we are apt to get a little too much of trite morality in the descriptions. The comfortable commonplace little printer who founded the modern novel, with his bevy of female worshippers, is well hit off. As to the estimate of his genius, we honestly confess that we once made a desperate effort to read *Clarissa Harlowe*, but it was unsuccessful, and therefore we are not prepared to say whether the conception of the heroine "stands by itself among all the conceptions of genius."

The essays on Berkeley and Hume are more ambitious, but are, in our opinion, the least satisfactory part of the book. Not that we have any reason to complain of the way in which the characters of the men are drawn, so far as they can be judged apart from their works. The Irishman's winning nature, and bright, unworldly enthusiasm, the calm, philosophical, and comfortable content of the Scot, are brought vividly before us in the story of their lives. But when Mrs. Oliphant gets up on her little pedestal to have a fling at the futility of "Divine philosophy," as she calls it with airy sarcasm, she cuts rather a ridiculous figure. However, after all, it is probably not so much Mrs. Oliphant herself that is to blame as the authorities whom she has followed. She has "got up" the subject with very creditable diligence in the pages of Mr. Lewes, and discourses fluently about the "spiritual conception" which "rises with Descartes, rises with Spinoza, ebbs with Hobbes, begins to mount again with Locke, swells to a spring-tide in Berkeley, and falls back to the lowest water-mark in Hume and the philosophers of the Revolution." So that when her oracle tells her that Berkeley "failed, as the greatest philosophers of all time have failed, not because he was weak, but because philosophy was impossible," she may be excused for believing him, and for repeating, as she does in a hundred forms, that "all other knowledges have contributed something to the common stock of human profit; philosophy alone has given us nothing." And so she runs on, forgetting that, on its speculative side, philosophy is not antagonistic, but complementary to science, which without it rests on a foundation of sand; whilst on its practical side the problems with which it deals are very real, very pressing, and such as will not be shirked, at least by those who are not content to hand over their thoughts to the care of an external authority, or fuse them in a glow of sentimental exaltation.

However, Mrs. Oliphant has written so pleasantly that we are not disposed to be angry with her for talking nonsense about a subject which she does not understand. Her book is a thorough woman's book, feminine in its merits and its defects, and the former far outbalance the latter. She is a little too much given to gushing—a fault natural to a novelist, especially a female novelist. And we doubt if her powers of analysis would be equal to the resolution of the more complex problems which humanity sometimes presents. So perhaps she was right, even at the risk of incompleteness, in omitting Swift and Bolingbroke, darker and more sinister figures than any which appear in her canvas. But, given a character or a situation which excites her sympathy, she is excellent. Her quick instinct divines where a man's more ponderous intellect would often go astray. And, lastly, if her light is seldom dry, so also is her style. Her mode of treatment makes her sometimes extravagant and sometimes unfair, but always readable.

MOLYNEUX'S BURTON-ON-TRENT.*

THIRTY-FIVE years ago a lad sent from the "west countree" to the most ancient seminary of sound learning in the midland counties, Repton, would, after forty miles of coaching through such scenery as George Eliot describes to the life in the opening of *Felix Holt*, have alighted travel-weary at the hostelry of the "Three Queens," Burton. And, for lack of much else to excite interest or marvel in the somewhat sleepy borough at that date, he might have been driven to speculate on the problem whether the figure-heads over the inn-door were Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne of blessed memory, or the more ancient reliques of those three kings who, saith tradition, have slept since a pre-historic period under a barrow or bury upon Cannock Chase. Yet this same Burton had a history in the past, and has a history in the present; histories which, despite some slight faults of style and structure, and graver faults (perhaps the printer's) of orthography, Mr. Molyneux, from his geological, antiquarian, and thorough local knowledge, is eminently qualified to write. All Burton's history, ancient and modern, hangs upon a feature of the place which our ideal schoolboy would have had no opportunity of noting until he emerged again from his inn—to wit, the waters of Trent, which he would probably again and again commemorate in his Latin verses, albeit with but an imperfect conception of how much Father Trent has had and still has to do in making Burton what it is. With his waters, directly or indirectly, are connected all the past fame and all the present prosperity of Burton. Its abbey, the annals of which form the third and chief chronicle in the first volume of Mr. Luard's edition of *Annales Monastici*, originated in a little cell or chapel on the island of Andressey, which is formed by the erratic waters of Trent in its course past the town. On this island Modwen, an Irish saint and virgin, had a spring, whose healing waters she applied with such success to her august pupil, Alfred, son of Æthelwulf, that their virtues have been held miraculous until within the last two hundred years; and it seems profane to countenance Mr. Molyneux's plausible suggestion that "the unaccountable cures of divers ailes and weaknesses" may have been due to certain inherent properties of the Burton waters, which, as we shall see anon, have in later days been turned to a more widely profitable account. One smiles indeed at our local historian's ambition to dabble in "names of places," and to cement more tightly Alfred's traditional connexion with Burton, by resolving Andressey into "Alfred's eye" or island; but it is certain that his supposed preceptress Modwen did found and frequent a religious domicile of some sort on the isle formed by two diverging beds of Trent to the south of the old and new bridges, and that her connexion therewith is still testified by the name of St. Modwen's Orchard attaching to a corner of it, although no vestige of an ecclesiastical building marks the site of her chapel. Probably the founder of the abbey obeyed the dictates of a sound discretion when he chose for its site, and as a safer resting-place for the bones and chapel of St. Modwen, *terra firma* by the higher ground of the gravel-tract on which Burton is situated—a site still marked by the "latter house" of decidedly inferior glory, which the author more significantly than grammatically attributes to the "art-lapsed" period of A.D. 1719-26. This founder, Wulfic Spott, of whom an effigy represented in plate and chain armour, and in the style of three hundred years later, still lies in one of the arches of the Priory garden wall, endowed the abbey in 1002 with lands in Staffordshire and at least eight other Midland and Northern counties, and his endowment was solemnly confirmed by the reigning sovereign, Æthelred, the first Abbot being appointed in 1004. The confirmation deed gave the abbey and its dependencies immunity from all ordinary duties and services, and later charters by monarchs of the Norman line invested the Abbots with very liberal powers. They enjoyed all the powers of holding courts, taking toll, and exercising summary jurisdiction, contained in the terms "soc and soc, toll, theam, and infangtheof." Their chief fair began on the eve of St. Modwen. Wulfic's edifice, probably chiefly built of wood, seems to have been replaced by a more substantial structure of Anglo-Norman character, in the reign of Henry I., of which some tokens remain in the mouldings and stonework lying in the abbey grounds. The Abbot who began the restoration in A.D. 1100 was Nigel, and the abbey seems to have grown and flourished up to the end of the fourteenth century. Of its list of Abbots Mr. Molyneux tartly says that it boasts but one worthy of commemoration as "good and virtuous," and one as a contributor to literature, in so far as he wrote a big book, and gave it to his abbey. He should recollect, however, that the "Annals of Burton" (A.D. 1004-1263), one of the most valuable collections of material for the history of the time, must represent the work of some "mute inglorious" monk or monks, and that if the Abbots led somewhat undistinguished lives, with their country tastes and their summer residences at Senni Park, as the Gloucester Abbots had theirs at Prinknash, they were no worse landlords than their lay successors, did good no doubt by stealth, were given to hospitality, and could make a stand upon occasion against unjust burdens. It does not appear that they took toll for Burton bridge, although, as they seem to have been bound to do by their title-deed, they took their part in repairing it; but when called upon to repair the bridge over Dove at Egginton, in the reign of Henry III., they resisted, under Abbot Lawrence, so effectually that juries summoned by the sheriffs of Derby and

Stafford concurred in a verdict "that no one was bound to repair the bridge" (Ann de B., p. 375). Good or bad, the line of Abbots terminated at the dissolution of the monasteries with Richard Edys, upon whose surrender it was granted by Henry VIII. to his secretary, Sir W. Paget, the maternal ancestor of our Iron Duke's comrade in arms, the Marquis of Anglesey, in whose successors it is still vested an estate at Burton, of which the rental in 1789 was about 7,000*l.* a year, but is now increased by more than 20,000*l.* per annum above that figure.

Next to its abbey, Burton's chief glory in the olden times was its bridge. The Trent—which at present branches into two channels, and, when the bridge was built, branched into three, in its course past the town—incloses in so doing a valley of alluvial deposits, the surface level of which is below that of the ordinary Trent floods. Across this valley, through the mid-channel of which runs the boundary of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, stretches a 36-arch bridge of unusual length and irregular curve, to provide against inundation. The discrepancy between local historians as to whether the arches number thirty-six or thirty-four is fairly met by our author's hypothesis that two arches were added in the middle of last century on the town side, instead of the old causeway and parapet walls, for the double purpose of perfecting the approach, and of relieving the Hay in floods of its surplus water. The date of the old bridge is unknown. It was old enough to need repair in Abbot Bernard's day (A.D. 1151-75), and so important a thoroughfare must have had a bridge of some sort even in pre-Saxon times. Great as was its importance to the traffic and convenience of the town, it seems to have been too dependent for reparation "on the devocon and almes dedys of weldysposed chrystoun people"; but we would suggest to Mr. Molyneux that of all bridges those maintainable by two adjoining counties are most liable to the adagioal fate of what is "between two stools." But as the master-key to a great natural barrier, what a history, could it speak, might be unfolded by the dismantled structure, which since its purchase by the Midland Railway Company is "a series of skeleton arches, tottering buttresses, and unsightly wall-less sides!" Over it on March 18, 1321, retreated through the town towards Tutbury the rebel Earl of Lancaster, outgeneralled by the tactics of Edward the Second. The victor compensated the abbey for its losses through Lancaster's rebellion; but in post-abbatial days, when in the great civil war Royalist and Parliamentary armies were constantly contesting "the only passage over Trent and Dove to the North," and on one occasion Rupert himself led the successful assault, the bridge became a source of troubles which it was harder, and took longer time, to remedy. Trade was paralysed by recurrent calls to contribute to the maintenance of ever-changing garrisons, or to furnish men to take the field in the ranks of the combatants; and Burton, indirectly through its famous bridge, reached a little after this time the lowest ebb of its fortunes. Yet Burton men might well be proud of their bridge. It stood firm against the heaviest mediæval and modern floods on record. It outlived the abbey, the old town, which was nearly destroyed by fire in 1255, and many town charities, which disappeared through local maladministration. It saw the last of Courts Leet and Courts Baron, with their "homage" and their "decena's" or deciners, whose steel halberds are still preserved by a resident in Burton; of the *Genter's* court for cases of trespass; and of the "Town Bull," whose maintenance was as much a point of honour with the Abbots as with the Pagets, and the annual "running" of which was as much an article of the people's rights till forty years ago, at Burton, as at Stamford.

But it is time to glance at Burton present, the prosperity of which, like its chief past glories, is traceable indirectly to its waters. No doubt its population, which reached its minimum (2,500) at the close of the Civil War, recovered itself when, in 1698, the Trent was made navigable to Burton; and the establishment of cotton mills by the Peels (1807-49), and forge mills by the Lloyds (1762) must have done somewhat to increase the number of its inhabitants. But it needed a staple more exclusively its own to bring the population up to its present figure of above 20,000, and to account for an annual increase of 1,000 since 1861, a rise from 22,000*l.* to 85,000*l.* since 1853 in the annual value of rateable property, and the construction of five miles of new streets to supplement the seven or eight streets and lanes of which the town consisted till 1840, and which were then roughly pitched, and not, as now, macadamized. That staple is the unrivalled ale, of which the very air of Burton, as you pass it on the railway, is pleasantly and refreshingly redolent, and the outward and visible signs of which are huge pyramids of barrels, stacked with their heads out, in the open air over acre after acre of brewery yards. What is the secret of this beverage, so universally in request throughout the civilized globe, the envy and puzzle of curious speculators and analysts? Lord Brougham's clients, "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," would have it to consist in "a compound of salt, steel, honey, prunella, sulphate of lime, jalap, and black rosin" (p. 233), but they had to plead guilty to a libel; and the more serious charge made by a French chemist, that the peculiar bitter of Burton pale ale is derived from strychnine, was no less completely disproved through the investigation courted by our Allsopps and Besses—an investigation which elicited the fullest proofs that it consisted of nought "save the purest malt and hops and the purest water, combined with the most scrupulous cleanliness, and great skill in the manufacture." *Purest water*; there's the rub! For "purest water means here, not, as the uninitiated might surmise,

* *Burton-on-Trent: its History, its Waters, and its Breweries.* By William Molyneux, F.G.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

the ordinary water of the present channel of the Trent, which is never used in brewing, but water spread over the area of the sands and gravels of the Trent valley in one broad stratum between the Upwood Hills and those on the east side," "as well beneath the western branches of the Trent as beneath the town," up to an horizon corresponding with the base of that channel (see p. 212). For exhaustive geological statistics of the Burton district generally, and those in particular which respect the *locale* and composition of these waters, we must, in despair of being able to summarize or abridge, refer the reader to Mr. Molyneux's second chapter. It may be enough to say that the chemical property in the Burton waters is sulphate of lime, derived from the gypseous deposits contained in the keuper marls underlying the valley gravels, and that their virtue is their perfect freedom from organic matter. An enormous amount of this gypsum passes annually beneath the town in a state of solution, and since 1806 all the chief brewers in Burton have sunk every new well and deepened every old one right through the gravels to the underlying keuper beds. From these wells comes all the water used in brewing, and it is reckoned that in so much of it as would brew a thousand barrels of ale there is at least 250 lbs. of gypsum. The presence of gypsum in large quantities in the district was not unknown in the old days to the workers in alabaster, who drove a good trade about the abbey; but if its influence was at all visible in the monastic ale, it must have been due to accident, rather than to anticipation of modern science.

Burton ale was famous enough to be in request at Vauxhall Gardens in the days of the *Spectator*, and, when the Trent Navigation opened a communication with Gainsborough and Hull, it found a large and ready sale on the shores of the Baltic. A temporary check arising from the Continental wars rendered Burton brewers more solicitous of a less fluctuating market at home, but after 1814 they were able, not only to consolidate their trade in Great Britain, but to spread it widely in Continental Europe. Their success reached its culminating point when a special bitter beer, which they had learnt to manufacture for exclusively Indian consumption, in rivalry to Hodgson's India ale, became known to England through a lucky disaster—namely, the wreck in the Irish Channel of a vessel with a cargo of three hundred hogsheads, several of which were saved and sold in Liverpool for the benefit of the underwriters, and thus became the disseminators at home of the fame of the new India ale. This was in 1827. By 1851 its popularity had grown apace, and its brewers had learned to gauge the variety of consumers' tastes by gradations of "pale, mild, and strong." The Exhibition year of 1862 was a grand criterion of its unexampled consumption, but Mr. Molyneux tells us that the "season just ended" distances in the quantities sold every former season on record. From the author's closing pages those who would master the subject may learn what hostages the Burton brewer gives to fortune in the selection of his grains, and in the processes—e.g. steeping, couching, flooring, mashing, cooling, and fermenting—to which in succession his material is subjected. They will find too under the head of the "Cask Department," not merely a detail of figures calculated to exhibit the enormous brewing resources of Burton, but a striking lesson of the all-importance of method to the success of British industry. And of even more cursory readers we are sure that all who appreciate "bitter beer" will be disposed, after perusing Mr. Molyneux's last chapter, to echo—not in the teetotaler's sense, but with a reference to its applicability to brewing purposes—the Pindaric maxim that ἀπὸ τοῦ μὲν ὕδωρ, particularly if impregnated with gypsum. If, as is hinted, the supply of this is not inexhaustible, let us hope that it has as long a lease of existence as our even more vitally necessary British coalfields.

ACCESSIBLE FIELD SPORTS.*

THIS is a book to be read, if read at all, in the spirit of its author. We can scarcely recommend it to any one who does not hold that the ultimate end of man is the periodical thinning of the brute creation. Some sporting literature deserves a circulation beyond the little band of true believers. There are writers, for example, who consider sport as subsidiary to the study of natural history; others who enliven their narrative by shrewd pictures of the character of their companions; and a few who are able to bring before us the scenery amidst which their pursuits have carried them, as well as the monotonous detail of the pursuits themselves. "Ubique" scarcely tries to emulate such performances, though from various symptoms we imagine him to be quite sensible to other pleasures than those of catching and killing. Whether from diffidence, however, or want of descriptive power, he concentrates his attention closely upon his main objects, and only throws out incidental hints for the benefit of the artist or the man of science. We will suppose, therefore, that we are speaking exclusively to those who share the passion in its sternest aspects, and regard any deviation into more ambitious fields of discussion as at the best a pardonable offence. The highest duty of man is, as we will for the present assume, to hunt, shoot, or fish; he may do other things at leisure moments, but he is only employed worthily when he is fishing, shooting, or hunting.

This being so, we will try to look at North America—for that was the scene of his operations—through our author's eyes. There is some cause for satisfaction in the prospect, if a good deal more for melancholy. Large towns are becoming lamentably common; if their progress cannot be arrested, there will soon be scarcely room

on the continent for a buffalo, or beaver, or even a canvas-backed duck. There is, of course, something to be seen even in the towns. The traveller, for example, condemned by cruel fate to spend a day or two in New York, may profitably employ his spare time in the inexpressibly delightful shop of Messrs. Clark and Co., Maiden Lane. The ecstasy with which "Ubique" dilates upon the many marvels there exhibited—on the Buell-spoons, killjacks, phantom-minnows, on the split bamboo flyrods, on the admirable American reels, on the brilliant array of "gut, hackles, golden and European pheasant feathers, hooks, silk, and wax," that are incessantly taking the shape of artificial flies—has something quite touching about it. It reminds one of a child taken to buy a toy at some of the most attractive of Parisian shops. But outside of a fishing-tackle shop there is little cause for staying in New York, or indeed in any large city. The traveller is recommended to go to some distant point by railroad, then to turn off to the right or left till he finds people (for it seems that even in America there are such people) who talk of the "cars" as a seven days' wonder, and report as a marvel that one still night, "a month ago, Hans or Jacques heard them whistle." Here you will be able to forget for a few moments the cruel desolation which is overspreading the face of the country. You may fancy the happy days restored when the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific was one vast preserve of game, and its only human inhabitants were sportsmen of the purest type. In a few years more many thousands of acres which still support their herds of buffaloes and their multitudinous flights of wildfowl will be prosaically growing Indian corn or potatoes. We cannot avert the catastrophe, but we may seize the opportunity before it is quite lost. Rapidly as population spreads, there are vast tracts of land still secure from the curse, where civilization has not yet worked its wicked will, and the true sportsman may still find employment for his gun and his rod. The last word indeed reminds us that there is one exception to the hateful influences of extended agriculture. The Americans have in many States made vigorous efforts to restore the fish that once swarmed in their rivers. There seems to be little chance for the moose, though he has been made to go in a cart, and even less for the bear or the antelope. But the legitimate claims of sportsmen, though they cannot persuade an overbearing democracy to maintain an extent of waste lands sufficient for the maintenance of large game, are so far regarded that efforts are being made to protect some of the fish and of the winged game. A benevolent English sportsman is supposed to have introduced our native fox into the country towards the end of the last century; and though the sport is not pursued in accordance with British precedent, it seems that some amusement is extracted from the animal even on American ground. It is true that these symptoms of progress are few, and far from unequivocal. We can hardly conceal from ourselves that in America as elsewhere, and even more rapidly than elsewhere, the world is going from bad to worse; and that game-preserving is attended with ever-increasing difficulties. Yet it is probable that for the present generation at least there will remain many little oases in the ever-advancing wilderness, and that our posterity will be able to enjoy indefinitely the noble sport of salmon-fishing. We should look at the bright side of things, and, though we cannot be insensible to the fate of posterity, at least amuse ourselves as long as we can with what is left to us.

Taking things in a cheerful spirit, the sportsman will perhaps be astonished to find how much may still be done in America. The list of "Ubique's" bags includes buffalo, bears, wolves, moose, foxes, antelopes, musk-sheep, wildfowl in great variety, wild turkeys, grouse of various species, snipe, woodcock, besides salmon and trout, which in certain rivers swarm in countless abundance. It is true that to enjoy this variety of sport a man must travel far, and put up with some hardships. You may get a chance of buffalo within a few days' travel from New York; but you must be a good rider, have a quick eye and ready hand, and a constitution capable of bearing fatigue and hard fare. You are advised to take horses as good and wellbred as you can afford, and your ammunition and arms must be of the best quality. You must remember that you are in a country where, as "Ubique" pleasantly remarks, scalps are at a premium, and life is deemed of little value; where there are skulking redskins in abundance, and rascally whites quite capable of improving upon Indian precedent. However, this gives merely the sense of danger which is necessary to add the correct flavour even to the pleasure of shooting so huge an animal. If you provide yourself with a couple of Scotch deerhounds, or of the ordinary greyhound crossed with a mastiff, you may have the additional pleasure of occasionally coursing a prairie wolf—beasts for which "Ubique" confesses to a sentimental affection. It is perhaps an objection to this as to other American sports that the animal attacked is not generally so dangerous as the Indian tiger or some of the large game in Africa. However, something may be got out of a bear; he generally runs away from the face of man, but if you manage to wound him without killing him, and not to have a loaded barrel by you, you may have a very exciting five minutes' interview. People who are not too proud to follow amusements of the less dangerous order may find very good sport in the prairies of the more settled Western States, or in the lakes and rivers which abound throughout the north and east of the continent. "Ubique" professes a very proper horror of useless slaughter, and observes that the true-hearted sportsman values principally "the opportunities of studying nature as it emanates from its Creator's hands." The text, however, obviously requires a little comment; perhaps it only applies to nature in the shape of buffaloes, and does not include ducks. At any rate, when "Ubique" gets a

* *Accessible Field Sports*. By "Ubique." London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

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chance of slaughtering fish or fowl, he does not give us hints of his being restrained by any such scruples. He becomes quite eloquent about the countless flocks of wildfowl that come to the edge of some lonely swamp where he is posted about twilight, and, so far as we can see, the destruction which he deals amongst them is only limited by the number of charges at his disposal. Perhaps, however, they found their way to some place of consumption. Yet, from the ecstasy with which exploits are recorded amongst the salmon on a certain river in Labrador, where "Ubique" was providentially thrown by an accident to the ship in which he was a passenger, we should imagine that, given a salmon and a stream, and "Ubique" with the necessary tackle on the bank, some excuse would be pretty sure to turn up for taking the death of the salmon out of the category of useless slaughter. At any rate it is plain that there are still retired corners to be found in parts of the States where the quantity of game killed need only be limited by your skill, or your conscientious views as to the destruction of animal life. Some of these happy spots are regarded with such jealousy by those familiar with them, that "Ubique" refuses to do more than hint darkly at the region in which they are situated. We may observe, however, that there is an admirable river in Maine called Androscogan, and that on one of the two lakes Moonluckmaguntic and Moluchunkamunk a Boston gentleman lately killed two trout at once, each weighing nearly seven pounds. For further indications we must refer our readers to "Ubique's" own pages.

We will only remark upon his style, that it is well enough adapted for the purpose. There are certain little eccentricities caught in America, such as the constant use of the word "balance," as in the phrase "we progressed after the balance" of the grouse. This perhaps gives a pleasant local colouring to the book. We might object with more reason to the propriety of calling an animal's nose its "olfactory organ," and speaking of its head and body as its caput and corpus. But, for some mysterious reason, these digressions from plain English seem to be invariable in books of sport; these writers seem to think it as wrong to call a beast's "caudal appendage" its tail, as ordinary mortals to speak of sheep's flesh instead of mutton. We put up with the practice as with a mystery beyond our conception; and we are grateful to "Ubique" for avoiding the small facetiousness which is almost equally fashionable in his school. At one place he tells us that a story of a certain Hank caused him to laugh "more than I ever remember to have done, saying the night that a Dutchman told me a yarn of his first experience of a wasp's nest"; but he does not enlighten us as to the said yarn, or as to the almost unparalleled facetiousness of Hank. There is a certain simplicity about the conception thus implied of an intensely funny anecdote which pleases us, but we are on the whole thankful to be spared from hearing Hank and the Dutchman. "Ubique," in short, is a plain, straightforward sportsman, who occasionally betrays a strong love for endless yarns over whisky-punch and cigars, and talks to the public much as he would discourse over his tobacco. We can recommend him to all persons likeminded with himself, and anxious to know something about prospects of sport in America.

PICTORIAL EFFECT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.*

AN honest, outspoken book which should protect the public against the perpetrations of photography and the impositions of many of its practitioners would be a real boon. Much has been said to prove that photography is an art, and in favour of the proposition may be adduced at any rate the indubitable fact that many broken-down artists practise it. But photography, in a worldly point of view, is better than an art—it is a trade; it makes a fine display in shop windows, it pays well when puffed, and brings to a man of commercial habits a comfortable income. God forbid that we should speak one word in disparagement of a true sun-picture from Nature herself, which, to adapt Milton's well-known simile, may be compared to "a good book, the precious life blood" of nature "embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." But for the ten thousand parodies upon nature and art that are sold plentifully at home and abroad we confess to have infinite contempt. Any treatise, then, which should by its teachings tend to abate this growing nuisance, fatal to the better forms of art, all but destructive to engraving, and a sore discouragement to painting and the painter, we should, as we have said, account a public benefactor. We fear, however, that the volume before us is far too mild to serve as an effectual antidote. It is pretty rather than powerful or profound, and seems, like the photographs we have characterized, got up to sell. For the ordinary reader the work is too prolix and prosy to be read at all, while for the student or skilled photographer the teachings are trite and the materials old. Still, the book may be welcome to the uninitiated; it is decorated with quotations from Mr. Ruskin and other ornamental writers, while scraps of poetry and numerous illustrations give to the pages a prepossessing appearance.

The theory of the writer, which is simple enough, admits of easy statement. Arts are subject to art-laws; photography is an art, and therefore subject to art-laws. And further, pictures are composed according to pictorial principles; a photograph is a picture, and therefore must be composed according to pictorial principles. Such is the sum and substance of this pretty little

treatise on *Pictorial Effect in Photography*. And without stopping to call in question for the moment the truth of these premisses and conclusions, we may with advantage proceed simply to elucidate the author's meaning. We will at once thank him for a lively passage from *Lairresse*, which has more point than whole pages of disquisition on "Composition," "Balance," and "Chiaroscuro." Portrait pictures should, according to this quaint old writer, be managed as follows:—"Let the King or Prince have the first place, and next his retinue or other proper persons; if there be yet another party to be introduced of lesser moment than these, and yet essential to the composition, put them in the shade without more ado." It may be amusing to turn to a parallel passage in *Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting*:-

Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece should meet the sight,
Supreme in beauty; lavish here thine art,
And bid him boldly from the canvas start;
While round that sov'reign form th' inferior train
In groups collected fill the pictured plain;
Fill but not crowd: &c. &c.

Reynolds properly remarks upon this pedantic, pompous stanza, "the principal figure may be too principal." "This rule, as enforced by Fresnoy, may be said more properly to belong to the art in its infant state, or to be directed to young students as a first precept; but the more advanced know that such an apparent artificial disposition would be in reality for that reason inartificial." A like criticism is provoked by many of the artificial, yet inartificial, precepts in the volume under review. The author, however, does his best; thus, in a chapter on "Expression," he strives to make his meaning lucid through the medium of a Mr. Mudd. The gentleman who bears this suggestive name has taken, it would appear, "a delicious little photograph of a scene in the Lake district"; and the author selects this subject, "Derwentwater, Cats' Bells in the Distance, by Mr. Mudd," "as a singular instance of the possibility of the photographer moulding his materials to his wishes." "All have admired Mr. Mudd's charming pictures, but few have cared to inquire to what their excellence was chiefly due." It would appear that much depends on the judicious selection of the point of sight, or, as a painter might say, upon the choice of the spot for pitching the sketching stool. In Rome we recollect a photographer who, having had the advantage of an artist's education, was supposed to know from what point a ruin would look most picturesque. And it was currently reported that another photographer, not so well trained in art, was accustomed to look out for the marks of the legs of his rival's camera as a safe indication where to plant his own apparatus. The one photographer was reputed to be the best artist, the other the best manipulator. On the whole we are led to infer that in photography a little art goes a long way; and indeed, when we think how much is done by Nature herself and how much falls to the share of lenses and chemicals, no very great deal would seem to be left to the photographer, be he artist or mere mechanist. His special province possibly is to put mechanical appliances in fit attitude to receive favourable impressions. Indeed much that has been claimed for photography by enthusiasts such as Mr. Robinson is conceded by the admission that the intelligent manipulator can infuse his own thought and condition of mind into the negative and positive picture. Certain it is that a photograph, like a picture, becomes more agreeable when made to conform to the ordinary laws of unity in variety, breadth in detail, force in subordination, light in shade. But all this is almost too self-evident to need a succession of chapters for its reiteration.

This volume, often harmless and sometimes useful, becomes absolutely pernicious when it pushes the art elements of photography to an extreme. Take, for example, what it teaches on the treatment of skies. In this chapter the reader, as a matter of course, has once again to encounter Mr. Ruskin's celebrated rhapsody on clouds. Then follows the real business, the tradesman's and the salesman's part in the manufacture of skies and clouds. The point involved is whether the real sky which nature prints shall pass as good enough, or whether a special performance shall be expressly got up, and then pieced on, with the end of making the product more marketable. The latter course is advocated by the author, but we need scarcely add that his plea is, not the profit of merchandize, but the interest of art. Yet, whatever be the plea, imposition, though unintentional, is the inevitable consummation. Apparently with the best possible motives, people of this way of thinking justify the taking of one photograph for foreground and mountains, and another for the sky; then the two are joined together, and the deliberate falsification of nature pleases the public, and admits of ready sale. We happen to write with portfolios before us containing several hundred photographs purchased in the chief cities of Europe. And the result of the practices which we have described is to throw discredit on, and in some degree to render worthless, these transcripts which otherwise would be of unspeakable service to students. Our position is this, that the paramount value of photography consists in its literal and uncompromising truth as far as it goes, but that in express art qualities the process must ever remain inferior to engraving and painting, and that, when "pictorial effect" is sought, nature has to give place to the contrivance of some third-rate artist who seeks his bread in the drudgery of a photographer's office. Let us give one or two examples from plates before us. From Venice we have a photograph of one of the finest equestrian statues in the world—that of Colleoni by Verrocchio, standing before the Church of S. Giovanni e Paolo. And what has the trade photographer, wise

* *Pictorial Effect in Photography, being Hints on Composition and Chiaroscuro for Photographers; to which is added a Chapter on Combination Printing.* By H. P. Robinson. London: Piper & Carter. 1862.

in his generation, done? Why he has boldly blotted out, in accordance with our author's recommendation, the sky printed by the sun, and has employed a better artist than the sun to patch in against the figure a clear white background, which falsifies by the facile sweep of the pencil the sky outline Verrocchio had modelled. The effrontery of photographic practices would seem to be limited only by the consideration of what will pay. In Verona, some years since, we purchased views picturesque and antiquarian got up by some brilliant Frenchman who by cunning art had discomfited the native practitioners on the spot. The skies exceed our author's most sanguine expectations; they are for dramatic effect worthy of the stage, and any local angularity of hill or obnoxious peculiarity of building gives place to a Parisian's idea of what photography should attain in the way of "pictorial effect." Our third example, taken from a capital series of Italian photographs, is the famous Roman bridge at Narni. When we obtained this impression the photographer in Rome remarked that he had been particularly fortunate in the effects. The hills, with the convent thereon, which rise above the river, are thrown into distance by quite a poetic haze, while the arch and piers of the old bridge approach the eye in bold relief. But we have been since informed that this fortunate atmospheric phenomenon, this poetic haze, existed only within the photographer's private parlour; in other words, that the negative had been doctored for the sake of "pictorial effect." It is almost superfluous to point out how, for any historical, archaeological, or real artistic end, photographs thus tampered with lose the worth which attaches to trustworthy records. And it is obviously useless to protest against the dealings of shopkeepers when we see counters thronged by American and other travellers ready to expend hundreds of francs on goods thus forced up to the selling standard. In Venice it is amusing to observe the fierce war waged between two chief photographers. The one placards the walls with advertisements of the wonders accomplished by his "notable angle of ninety degrees"; the other prints at the back of each cardboard mount a notice that he will return the photograph to the purchaser if it be not found superior to photographs produced elsewhere. That English houses do not as yet practise "pictorial effects" to the same perfection may be ascribed to lack of skill; certainly ambition to do a roaring trade is not wanting. We imagine, however, that the photographs taken from the "National Portraits" exhibited at South Kensington are not tampered with. It was a good sign that certain heads which did not come out well in the printing were withdrawn, and perhaps a yet better sign that others still retained are sufficiently bad to appear honest. What we wish once more emphatically to repeat is this, that photographs ostentatious of "pictorial effect" are open to suspicion, and that it is the untouched photograph, left just as the light of day prints it, which has value for men of science and art. A photograph, like a witness, should be sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Mr. Hamerton, in the *Painter's Camp*, has an instructive paper on "The Relation between Photography and Painting," wherein we find this decisive passage:—"Photography is not a fine art, but an art-science; narrow in range, emphatic in assertion, telling one truth for ten falsehoods, but telling always distinctly the one truth that it is able to perceive." And among the conclusions at which the writer had arrived is the following:—"Photography and painting are for ever independent of each other, there is no manner of rivalry possible between them. Each has its own path." Furthermore Mr. Hamerton is of opinion that "to art in general photography has rendered several inestimable services; first, by relieving it of the drudgery of detailing commonplace facts where imagination and feeling are not wanted"; then, "as leading consequently to a clearer understanding, on the part of the public, of the nature of fine art, as distinguished from unintelligent copyism; also as affording a sound basis for criticism, by putting within everybody's reach an encyclopedia of the rudimentary facts of nature; and lastly, by reproducing works of real art in an authentic and reliable manner." We would, in conclusion, add our own tribute to the services received from photography in the historic study of the arts. In fine, we may recall the dictum of an English Judge, that our age has been distinguished by three discoveries—locomotion by steam, telegraphy by electricity, and thirdly, and perhaps scarcely least, photography by aid of light.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. I

PEACE and good will towards men is the Christmas proclamation, and it is with no irreverence that we apply it to our annual task of reviewing, or chronicling, or acknowledging the sumptuous series of books *de luxe*—books of vanity, books of practical usefulness, books of mere nonsense, books of real, and books of fictitious, value, books which maintain their claim to the title simply because they have the look of books, and nothing else which would justify their existence. We cannot find the heart to be over-critical or over-scrupulous about the quality of much of this fugitive literature. As nobody ought to look a gift-horse in the mouth, so even the most severe Aristarchus is not called upon to do much more than look at many of these annuals. Indeed, as they are made to be looked at, by looking at them we take them at their own assessment. Like the *articles de Paris*, they show well; the ormolu and the sparkling marble and the bright cotton velvet and the gilded frames answer the object they propose to themselves. They glitter and look gay; they

pretend to little substance, and what they pretend to they attain. They are ephemeral; but so are a great many natural products, which nevertheless are very pretty to look at, and whose organization is sometimes high, and they fulfil a design. There is sometimes a difficulty in getting at this design, and at the final cause of Christmas Books, speaking generally; but there is a difficulty in ascertaining the final cause of the multiplicity of all created things. Why so many born only to die? Why so many eggs in a fish when only one in a thousand may reach the condition of fry, and why so much fry when only one in twenty times twenty thousand ever escapes the accidents of fish life, and dies of a natural, which would be an unnatural, death? Christmas Books seem to illustrate this great natural law. They have been in our own times developed from very monadic forms; they are constantly acquiring new organs, or improving rudimentary organs to some special functions; but it is with them, as with more serious existences, a difficulty to know whether the unknown function or appetency calls out the organ or whether the organ calls out its latent purpose. That is to say, who knows whether the creative function of the manufacturer of Christmas Books brings out his stores to meet a want on the part of his purchasers, or to create it? Some of us are old enough to remember the eocene period of Christmas Books, when neighbours and relations used to confine their annual literary generosity to a presentation copy of *Old Moore*, or, with more superb liberality, to get as far as *Goldsmith's Almanack*; and among old folks there are still dim indications of the days before the tertiary formations of gift-books, when folks used to show their good will in the more barbarous, but somewhat practical, form of Christmas hampers from the country, and Christmas fish-baskets from London. But we have got over this vulgar and coarse life. Instead of an annual turkey, we get a smart and perfectly unreadable book in a gorgeous cover. And, as though to add insult to injury, to those vulgar young folks who grin and abide a Christmas Book, but whose souls hanker for millinery or gorgeous neckties, some of the enterprising providers of Christmas books send them done up in pasteboard boxes which suggest provoking anticipations of lace shawls for the girls, or chocolates and bon-bons all round. We trust that, in the interests of disappointed juvenility, this objectionable packing of Christmas Books will be dispensed with. "Rum, I hope—sugar, I think—tracts, &c. &c."—this veteran story is, we fear, too often illustrated in the agonies of hope and disappointment which at this season of giving and receiving presents await the receipt of a stiff pasteboard box which contains the *Sermon on the Mount*, or the *Collects and Litany*, illustrated in chromolithography, when the bosom was throbbing at the thoughts of tarlatane illustrated in chromatic embroidery.

It is not our intention to classify these Christmas Books, as, for other reasons, so because we don't know how. Perhaps we have tried on some previous occasion to do so; but the failure must be palpable. Are we to take them according to their subjects and contents? But what if they have no subjects, and contain nothing more than just a whiff of perfume and a sparkle of prettiness? According to their external form? such as pictorial (*genus*), with (*species*) line engravings, "chromos," wood-cuts, oil dabbing, photographs, litho do., zinc do. But what if we come across an *individuum vagum* which defies classification and evades alike definition and all schemes of division? Just as monsters are *extra artem*, so there are books at this season which comprise the most opposite organs and habits, a kind of *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, or the mermaid fish, and the like queer compounds which the Japanese industry or the humour of the late Mr. Waterton has indulged in. Or are we to range them according to their practical purpose; as, for example, the comic and funny books, or the solid and serious books? But what if it should turn out, as it often does, that the comic literature is the dreariest of reading, and that the serious handbooks are now and then simply ludicrous? Or are we to divide them according to their publishers—an extremely mechanical and unscientific method, which one of the clerks in our own office attempted, but which would be productive of the worst passions, if any passions can stir the serene surface of the book-seller's mind? No; we prefer to be unscientific. Nature, in a great tropical forest, does not lay out trees and shrubs and creepers, insects and birds and snakes, by the book rules of a physic garden, or the formal cases of a zoological museum, but scatters them all about in a tangle and jungle. So we take our books just as they flit in dazzling profusion across us, or we get bright passing glimpses of them and their splendours, and their fearful and wondrous make.

Mr. Richard Doyle's *Fairy-Land* (Longmans). It is a great satisfaction to meet with Mr. Doyle again—at once the purest, the most playful, and, within limits, the most imaginative of our comic artists. His place in *Punch* has never been filled; and in looking over the profusion of pictures in this handsome publication, we feel how infinite are the resources of his art, and we begin to ask why he does not apply such art to more serious work. With such apparent facility and fertility we cannot quite understand how it is that Mr. Doyle produces, as least for the public, so little. It requires a subtle tact not to make fairy land and fairy life merely ridiculous. The fairy of Mr. Doyle is not the fairy of Drayton, a merely literary invention; nor the fairy of Shakespeare, an incongruity of a dwarfed humanity, with its passions and poutings and its simple impossibilities; nor the abstraction of the late Thomas Hood; nor the fairy with wand and rhyming talk of the pantomime and ballet. The fairy and elf of Mr. Doyle is something more than a tricky spirit; it is like

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Anacreon's grasshopper, passionless and fleshless and bloodless as far as regards the passions of mankind, but with passions of its own—fairy passions, fairy griefs, fairy loves, and fairy spites. It is elf-world; a world, though a world of elves and gnomes. Some fairies are mere mannikins, stunted men and women; some fat and lubberly; some sexless and impalpable. But here are fairies, children, but adult children, though still children, experienced, courtly, splendid, mischievous, happy. These fairies do human things, but in a fairy way. And they have, as befits bright creatures of the light and sun, intimate relations with flowers and forest dells, and birds and spinners and snails and dragonflies. They do not so much caricature human action, and reproduce it in little, like the Italian *amorini*, as have delicate ways and habits and intelligence quite their own. If we were to criticize them as animals we should say, if Mr. Doyle is to be trusted, that they are over-skinny. Here they are in processions and pageants and banquets, attitudinizing, love-making, fighting, kissing, sporting, flitting, dancing, and poisoning among flowers, blossoms, mushroom-tents, and the rest. They use butterflies and long-spinners for their playmates and horses and chariots; with the birds they are occasionally at war, occasionally in close alliance. Humming-birds and kingfishers are most in their way; but now and then, not often, we find creatures so gigantic as the squirrel and owl in their tiny world. A snail race is their Epsom and Newmarket. The colouring of the pictures is, we think, somewhat low in scale; but it might have been, in other hands, vulgar. Mr. Allingham accompanies this elf-dance with a poetical and musical accompaniment, not very intelligible, and it would have been out of place had it much meaning. But the tune ripples and sparkles and glitters, bright and musical, and is as pleasant to listen to as the pictures are to loiter over.

Twelve Parables of our Lord (Macmillan). The artist of the original designs is Mr. M'Eniry, but every other page has illuminated borders from the famous Grimani Breviary at Venice. The speciality of the publication is, we believe, the printing, which is well worth studying. It is not chromolithography, but fair and genuine block-printing from wood and metal in colours, and as such, both by its combination and modelling of tints, and we believe by its cheapness, much to be recommended. The book is very handsome, and reflects great credit on all concerned in its mechanical arrangements; and the solid colouring of the illuminations and the excellence of the gilding leave nothing to be desired. We cannot say quite as much for the artist, though he has caught a good deal of Oriental feeling and costume, and it is to be regretted that so much technical care has been bestowed on drawings of which neither the design nor the colouring can be highly praised. The process, we suspect, does not quite suit the artist, or the artist does not suit the process, which is much more likely to be successful in broad decided masses of colour than in these attempts at the highest art. The artist is over-ambitious, and aims at, without attaining, the delicacy of graduated tints, which no mechanical process can attain.

George Cruikshank's Year-Book (Bell and Daldy). This is a re-publication, and we must frankly own that it shows that the comic press, either in its literary or its artistic qualities, has not improved with the times. There is a freshness and a power and thought in Cruikshank which certainly is not to be found in the dreary works of our current funny draughtsmen; and Mr. Oxenford, Mr. A'Beckett, and Mr. Lemon wrote—well, let us say, as their successors do not write now. The weird and ghastly demons of the railway mania of 1845 throw into shade our own thin and ur-substantial satire. The most that popular wit can compass is the grotesque; and if comic limners of the period would but look back at Cruikshank, they might learn that to be a caricaturist requires a mind.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume (Bell and Daldy) is, we believe, but a re-issue of a monthly magazine. Mrs. Gatty and her contributors have acquired the difficult art of writing pure and healthy fiction which is not the echo of Andersen, of compiling useful knowledge which is interesting, and social morality which is not goody.

The Child's Picture Book of Domestic Animals (Routledge). A dozen bold, vigorous, coloured prints, honestly drawn and coloured, without any finicking and claptrap. We might as well have had the artist's name. There is also illustrative talk, which reproduces the old stock stories of cat and dog intelligence, of which the style is hampered by the supposed necessity of writing for the most part in monosyllables.

Tom Hood's Comic Annual and Routledge's Annual (not comic) seem to differ but little from their predecessors. They are, we believe, successful, and they are cheap, and very fairly reach the level of contemporary magazines. Great facility has been attained in the production of this literature, and we recognise practised and skilled workmen in various lines. Would Mr. George Cruikshank *Junior* pardon us for saying that his *Snatches from Homer* are, in more senses than one, an impertinence? Does he know what sort of fame attaches to the *Homer Travestied* and *Virgil Travestied* of other days, or what decent people think of Strand burlesques of Greek legend and Greek poetry?

The Universe; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little (Blackie), in less stilted language, means a synopsis of the facts discovered by the telescope and the microscope. This is a translation from the French of M. Pouchet, and the wood-cuts are beautiful. It is of course science made easy, and is composed in the sentimental style which, from Buffon downwards, is in such request across the Channel. It is hardly written to scale, and the principle of classification which the author adopts puzzles us. But for detailed

sketches and *mémoires*, if we may so say, of subjects, the volume, and it is a splendid one, will serve as a good pioneer to more exact studies. The wood-cuts, however, three or four hundred in number, are the great charm of the compilation; and we have no doubt that it will find what it deserves, popularity among English readers.

Midsummer Eve (J. C. Hotten) is a fairy tale—an Irish fairy tale by Mrs. Carter Hall—of the fairies fairylike, of the Irish Irishy. This, again, is a reappearance, and is of twenty years' standing and more, for the tale originally appeared in the *Court Journal*; and if it has been forgotten, it ought not to have been forgotten, for the illustrations are by real artists—MacClise and Noel Paton and Frost—and nowadays illustration has fallen into feebleness and mere imitations. We are glad to see these reproductions; for "the old are better."

Favourite English Poems (Low and Marston). Here again we have a re-issue and a reprint, but with a difference. The present edition of this collection, a deservedly favourite and popular set of poems, ranging from Chaucer to Tennyson, is enlarged both in the way of pieces and illustrations. What we most like in the editor is that, with scarcely an exception, he selects whole poems. Extracts and Beauties are often as unfair to the writer as they are misleading to the reader.

Marvels in Glass-Making (Low and Marston) ought perhaps to take rank as a scientific and technical manual. It is a translation from the French, and does not appear to have been posted up to the present date. On reading it, we should scarcely have supposed that the art of glass-making was known in England. Although we are not prepared to pronounce on the merits of this manual as a repository of manufacturing processes, we can say that it contains a good deal of information and some beautiful illustrations, which, however, would have been better had they been coloured. The author, or rather compiler, M. Sauzay, rides his hobby into difficulties when he finds so many references to glass vessels in the Augustan era; and we wish that he had given us some particulars of the "Roman Glass Vase of the Fourth Century, with figures in bold relief," which has been so beautifully reproduced by the autotype process. In his description of the Venetian mirror of the sixteenth century, with a Cupid, the legend is not read right *Amor ducitur ex oculi lumine cecus*. The first word should stand last, the motto being a palpable pentameter. The student will find nothing in the volume about stained or painted glass for windows; but the subject is reserved for, or contained in, another publication.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE United States, to whom a few of the more impatient of the New Zealand colonists in a burst of not unnatural indignation threaten to appeal for succour, have, in the central wilderness over which the Pacific Railroad now passes, a New Zealand of their own, presenting a "difficulty," in both the English and American senses of the word, not much less serious than that which has been brought to a crisis by Lord Granville's despatch, and very closely analogous thereto. The Western plains have their fringe of industrious and adventurous colonists, desiring only to be permitted to cultivate their farms in peace, their mining settlements, too rich to be abandoned for any ordinary peril, and their towns, strong enough to defy attack while their male population is at home, but liable to fearful peril if these were to march out to wage offensive war with the enemy. They have their savage foe, unrestrained by the rules of civilized warfare, and taking cruel and treacherous advantage of the restraints which those rules impose on their antagonists; skilled in a mode of hostility particularly disastrous to the white settler, and particularly difficult to cope with; ruthless beyond the ruthlessness of the Maori, yet relying on the forbearance of the white man to spare their defenceless villages, and refrain from retaliating on women and children what women and children have suffered. As in New Zealand the attack and storm of a Maori pah, or the defeat of the "rebels" in the field, seems to leave their power and their sense of substantial success unimpaired, and only to waste valuable lives on a profitless victory, so no regular operations against the Indians seem to repress their outbreaks or restrain their audacity. To wait for their attacks, to repulse and pursue them, is simply useless; they escape with little loss, and are ready for another attack to-morrow. Nearly the whole regular army of the Union is now employed against them, and yet the Western settlers complain that their homes are exposed to be harried and burnt, their property to be destroyed, and their families to be massacred, with no chance of defence and very little of retribution. Like the New Zealanders awhile ago, disgusted with the ill success of the regulars, they ask to be left to deal with their enemy in their own way; unlike the colonists, they have in many instances taken their defence into their own hands with complete success, and achieved results that have thoroughly cowed their savage enemies. But in America, as in New Zealand, and we fear everywhere else, a war between settlers and natives is a war to the knife; and to leave the former to their own resources means, after a series of isolated atrocities suffered, and acts of vengeance equally atrocious inflicted, by them, the utter extermination of the coloured races. Only the central Government, living at a distance from the seat of war, knowing its horrors by report alone, and unmoved by its terrors, can be calm enough to think of mercy in fighting with savages; only an overwhelming power can afford to spare. The settlers are neither cool enough nor strong enough to leave their work half done, or to feel themselves safe while their enemies have yet the power to injure

them. Two of the volumes before us are full of this subject; and, written of course from the Western standpoint, condemn and ridicule without mercy the operations of the regular troops. The author of *Life among the Apaches** was employed on the U. S. Commission which defined the boundary between Mexico and the Union after the war. In doing this the Commission had to traverse and draw its boundary across the territory of the Apaches, the most powerful and dangerous of all remaining Indian tribes. Having had to deal, not with Anglo-Saxon backwoodsmen, but with feeble Mexican creoles, the Apaches have learnt to despise the white man, whom they have effectually terrified. The Mexicans rarely dared resist, and were never able to punish them; they were robbed, murdered, captured, and enslaved at the pleasure of the savages. Before the coming of the Yankees, the Apache had only met one enemy who could hold his own against him. The Pimos are a peaceful, agricultural, corn and poultry-raising people; their villages are sufficiently comfortable and rich to tempt the lawless robber-tribe so near them; yet they have steadily repelled all invasions, and taught the hunters and warriors of the Apaches to respect and fear them. The account of this tribe, and of its curious relations with the Maricopas, a tribe of the common Indian type, living by the chase, which, driven from its hunting-grounds and hard pressed by its foes, sought refuge with the Pimos and adopted their mode of life, is the most interesting part of the volume; and suggests many inquiries as to the origin of the Pimos, and the possibility or the reverse of inducing other tribes to follow their example, to which, unfortunately, the author gives no hint of an answer. The history of the Apaches, which forms the chief subject of the work, is one monotonous record of savage deeds and murderous retaliation, of treachery and cruelty, not always confined to the Indians.

A somewhat more interesting book is Mr. McClure's *Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains*†—a collection of letters written during the course of his journey through Colorado, Montana, Utah, and the central region of the continent, hasty in execution and slovenly in style, but containing a good deal of information, and likely to be useful in correcting the too favourable accounts published by those who have a direct interest in attracting emigrants, and in drawing both labour and capital towards the States with whose fortunes their own are interwoven. Mr. McClure is very severe upon the speculative companies which have occupied and, as he declares, failed to develop, the mines and "leads" of Colorado, after expending large sums on the erection of unsuitable machinery; and, on the other hand, he shows himself more hopeful of the prospects of Montana. But it is clear, from his own statements, that the former State is the more advanced of the two; that labour is much wanted there, and highly paid, even in proportion to the high cost of living in the mining districts; that the mineral and agricultural resources of Colorado are immense, and that any depression caused by speculation and mismanagement can be but temporary. The social condition of both States is better than might have been expected; and one of the most striking, if not one of the most agreeable, passages in the book is the story of the re-establishment of order and decent government in Montana by one of those popular movements which in any other country would be called revolutions, but which in California and the Far West take place with wonderfully little disturbance of the peace, and with no danger to the constitution. The lawless class, believed to form a majority of the population, had got the civil government into their hands, and robbed and murdered right and left; the honest citizens took the law into their own hands, organized themselves quietly and secretly, and without a struggle, without a single attempt at serious resistance, put down the robbers, and tried, sentenced, and executed above a hundred of the worst offenders, often in presence of their associates, but always as securely and certainly as the law of the land could have been carried out in Massachusetts, or in England itself. The narrative savours here and there more of the sensational, and of the proceedings of the legendary Vehm-gericht, than most of the authentic histories of American Vigilance Committees; but it is, we should fancy, correct in the main. The writer complains vehemently of the frequency and impunity of Indian outrages, which are the terror and the scourge of Montana; and which occur so often, and with such atrocious circumstances, that we can only wonder that pioneers are found to reoccupy the ruined dwellings, and expose their families to the same perils. So bitter and unsparring is the desire of revenge inspired by such events, that we can hardly be surprised if the central Government shrinks from inviting the settlers to take their share in defensive operations, knowing that to leave the Indian war in their hands would be to give up the Indians to direct and utter extermination.

We do not know whether Mr. Barnum considers himself a hardly-used man. His name has certainly become as famous as his ambition could desire, but its fame is of a kind which few other men would covet. Popularly, it is regarded as representative of puffery and humbug, identified with experiments on public credulity, which would be scandalous if they were not

so amusing, and which we hesitate whether to denounce as deceptions or to accept with a laugh as excellent practical jokes. The latter is obviously the light in which they appear to their author. He tells the story of the manifold devices by which he attracted notice to his Museum in the same tone and spirit in which he relates the many good jokes which he and his friends played off upon each other; and in the case of the Golden Pigeons, it would appear that the deception practised upon the public was almost ancillary to the trick which he desired to pass upon one of his associates and assistants. In other instances he appears to have merely accepted and profited by the inventions of others, without too particular inquiry into their origin—as with Washington's nurse, the Woolly Horse, and the Mermaid; the last of which he declares was sold to him as genuine, and puzzled the naturalist he consulted, and he believes it to have been of Japanese manufacture. Probably he is a little sore about the identification of his name with his least creditable artifices, and is not wholly satisfied with his reputation as the "Prince of Humbugs;" for in the volume before us* he explains and excuses the delusions palmed upon the public as mere stratagems to attract visitors to a Museum whose intrinsic interest and value he maintains to have been well worth the sum charged for admission. This work is an amplification of one with which our readers are no doubt already acquainted—a more complete autobiography, in which the principal episodes of the author's public life are connected by a brief continuous narrative of his earlier and intermediate adventures. It is cleverly written, free from anything very offensive in point of taste or feeling, and, if not very moral, is exceedingly amusing. It contains a greater number of good stories than almost any recent work within our recollection; its sketch of the adventures and expeditions, the achievements and disasters, of a life in which the erratic genius and eccentric enterprise characteristic of the typical Yankee have been developed to their highest point, is full of interest, if of no very exalted kind; and it is impossible to read it, and especially to peruse the letters and addresses sent to Barnum on the occasion of his first failure, without seeing that there must have been some good in a man so warmly befriended, and that, after all, though very far from scrupulous in his profession, Barnum is neither an evil-natured nor an unprincipled man. His experiences in the exhibition of Tom Thumb, and in the exploitation of Jenny Lind, are very frankly and simply told, and tend on the whole to improve the reader's opinion of the man. The moral of his life lies in the evidence it affords of the extent to which the success and popularity of any object of public interest, from a great singer down to a dwarf, depends upon extraneous conditions rather than on intrinsic merits. Probably no one else could have made any higher success out of Tom Thumb than that of a travelling rare-show, exhibited in fairs and on race-courses at twopence a head; Barnum contrived to give the exhibition a semblance of intellectual and dramatic interest, to secure the patronage of royalty, to command aristocratic audiences and high prices, and to make a fortune both for himself and his little puppet. Even Jenny Lind's American visit would have made less noise and realized less money if it had not been in Barnum's hands. The sympathy which he excites is that which can never be refused by ordinary minds to courage, cleverness, and indomitable energy; and it must be added that Barnum seems to have been generous in his dealings, and that of the most atrocious piece of bad taste and bad feeling alleged against him—arranging and making profit out of the marriage of the unhappy little beings who had been so long in his hands—he appears, from his own account, to be almost entirely innocent.

A very quaint and curious account of the then infant colony of Maryland, written by one George Alsop† in 1666, is published by Mr. William Gowans, with all that luxury of type and paper which American publishers are wont to bestow upon works of this class, and which must be taken as indicating the existence of a numerous class of readers with means to purchase and education to appreciate this kind of literature. The present volume is no doubt—is indeed almost avowedly—the work of a partisan, as might have been judged from the fact of its dedication to Lord Baltimore, and its commendatory epistle to the Maryland merchants. Still, the account of colonial servitude by one who was actually for four years a bondsman in Maryland cannot be wholly without value as evidence of the character of that servitude in its more favourable aspects; and Alsop affirms that even in the case of transported offenders the established usages of the colony rendered it far lighter and easier than he had found a London apprenticeship, acknowledging at the same time that popular report in England painted it in colours quite as dark as those in which it is incidentally described by Macaulay. The chief interest of the volume to an uncritical reader lies in the naïve and vivid picture it affords of the impressions made on an ordinary emigrant of those days, ignorant of everything outside of his own town or county, by the novel scenes of the Western continent—the rude and perilous life of the settlers, the number and daring of the beasts of

* *Life among the Apaches*. By John C. Cremony, Interpreter to the U. S. Boundary Commission, under the Hon. John R. Bartlett, in 1849, '50, and '51, and late Major of California Volunteer Cavalry operating in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Western Arkansas. San Francisco: Koman & Co. New York and London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains*. By A. K. McClure. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

* *Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum*. Written by Himself. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Gowans' Bibliotheca Americana*. A Character of the Province of Maryland. Described in Four distinct Parts. Also a small Treatise on the Wild and Naked Indians (or Susquehannocks) of Maryland, their Customs, Manners, Absurdities, and Religion. Together with a Collection of Historical Letters. By George Alsop. A New Edition, with an Introduction and Copious Historical Notes. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., Member of the New York Historical Society. New York: William Gowans. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

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prey, not as yet driven beyond the range of the thinly-scattered settlements; the abundance of game, which rendered venison, a luxury unfamiliar to the London apprentice, anything but a treat to the servants of a colonial household; and, above all, the proximity, the character, the manners, and usages of the Indians. All these are described in the quaint language of perfect simplicity, rendered yet quaint by the author's disposition to moralize upon them—as when he denounces the cowardice and absence of heroism displayed by the bears and wolves. Apart from its historical value, the work will at least repay the devotion of an evening's leisure.

*Sybaris and other Homes** is the title of a small volume, containing the description of an imaginary republic, of a suburban and a farming village in the Eastern States, and of the poorer streets and homes of Boston. The last differ in no essential respect from what we may see at any time in half an hour's walk through the worst—and especially through the Irish—quarters of London or Liverpool. The village scenes have a character and interest of their own, as throwing light on one peculiar phase of American life, and on the best means of turning to general profit the advantages afforded by an uncrowded country and the consequent cheapness of land even in the Eastern States. The author's Utopia is distinguished by the usual characteristics of all such day-dreams, whether confined to paper or for a short time realized in fact, as in the case of some Socialist communities; namely, a profound contempt for individual liberty, and a minute regulation of the details of daily life, which would be utterly intolerable to the manlier and more vigorous races of mankind, and to the stronger minds of every race, and which has been proved unhealthy even to those who do not find it unendurable. From Plato downwards, this utter inability to appreciate either the essential worth or the supreme delight of liberty is equally characteristic of all would-be reconstructors of society, whether philosophers in the closet or Red Republicans.

Upon our list are two volumes of European travel—each an account of an ordinary tour on the Continent. One of them is in the form of letters written at the different stages of the journey, or, as the writer calls them, *Papers from Over the Water*†; the other is intended to supply, in the records of an actual visit, and of the sights seen or which ought to have been seen by the visitor, *Hints for Six Months in Europe*‡. American travellers on this side of the water are quite as indefatigable in the relation of their ten-times-told experiences, and at least as indifferent to the utter absence of novelty in their work, as English travellers in America.

American commentators on the classics of our common language are, we think, almost more numerous, but certainly not so lengthy, minute, and elaborate as English ones; perhaps because their volumes are very commonly compilations of lectures, more or less recast and enlarged, but still retaining the popular style and necessary brevity of the lecture-room. A small octavo, of no great thickness and tolerably large type§, suffices to give us the author's views of all the principal Elizabethan poets, as well as of Hooker and Raleigh; and may, no doubt, serve to convey to many who will never read the Elizabethan literature for themselves, some faint notion of the age and the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

Manuals of all sciences and subjects for the use of schools are numerous in America, and suggest some wondering queries as to the extent and variety of topics embraced in an American education, and compressed into far fewer years than are devoted to a much more limited range in England. One cannot help fearing that the knowledge acquired must be as superficial as it is discursive, and our misgivings are not removed by the remembrance of a grammatical treatise of some pretension and popularity, in which we found the subjunctive confounded with the indicative preterite, and "if I were" cited as an example of a plural verb in accord with a nominative singular! Among this month's publications is a *Manual of Rhetoric*||, an art which is certainly more generally cultivated in America than here, but which we should hardly have expected to find included in the curriculum of a school.

The Secret of Swedenborg¶ is the title of another of the manifold works called forth by the anxiety of his disciples to adapt to the comprehension of a dull and indifferent world the teachings of the Archmystic. Being among those to whom text and commentaries are alike involved in impenetrable obscurity, we cannot pretend to say how far Mr. James has achieved his object, or whether he had really grasped a secret which certainly remains hidden from ourselves.

* *Sybaris and other Homes*. By Edward E. Hall. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Papers from Over the Water; and Series of Letters from Europe*. By Sinclair Toussay. New York: The American News Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‡ *Hints for Six Months in Europe, being the Programme of a Tour through parts of France, Italy, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, England, and Scotland, in the Summer of 1869*. By John H. B. Latrobe. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

§ *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Field, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

|| *Rhetoric*. A Text-book, designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study. By the Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., late President of the University of Michigan, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

¶ *The Secret of Swedenborg; being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity*. By Henry James. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co., Successors to Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

The month has been prolific of novels. Among those before us the *Three Bernices** is the most remarkable. It is a story of the age of Nero; and certainly the language and the incidents are sufficiently unlike anything modern to vindicate the author from all suspicion of intruding recent America into ancient Rome. Unhappily the absence of resemblance to anything Greek or Roman—to any language that men at any time would be likely to use, or to any line of conduct they could be supposed to pursue—is equally perfect; and is, in short, the chief characteristic of the book. An extract from the dialogue would read like a caricature, but for the utter dullness which is mingled with its high-flown extravagance. Yet we cannot deny the praise of daring invention to the lady who makes Agrippina die a Christian. The *Gabled House*† is a story of a very different quality; but some of its metaphors are almost as startling in their way as the high-flown talk of Mrs. Bright's Romans, and the more objectionable that their unconscious absurdity has a tendency to make very solemn things appear in a light irresistibly ludicrous. In poetry we have a new illustrated edition of Longfellow‡, in type painfully small, and a volume by a new author§, Mr. Boker, the principal poem in which is a tragedy founded on the history of the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea of Hanover—a poem of which the conception is perhaps superior to the execution.

* *The Three Bernices; or, Anselmo of the Crag*. By Mrs. A. M. Bright. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *The Gabled House; or, Self-Sacrifice*. By the Author of "The Climbers," &c. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Complete Edition, with Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

§ *Königsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and other Poems*. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS will OPEN on Monday next, November 29, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 129 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till Five o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.

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CHAPEL ROYAL, Whitehall.—To-morrow a SERMON will be Preached at the Eleven o'clock Service in behalf of the Seebred Convallescent Hospital, by the Rev. HENRY WHITE, Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

INSTRUCTION in NATURAL SCIENCE for WOMEN.—A COURSE of LECTURES (consisting of about Thirty or Forty), by Professors HUXLEY, GUTHRIE, and OLIVER, commenced on Tuesday, the 9th of November, at 11 A.M., in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday. Tickets for the Course, 43 s. Single Admission to each Lecture, 2s. 6d. The Hon. and Rev. F. BYNG, South Kensington Museum, Treasurer, where Tickets may be had.

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Expenses of Management (inclusive of Commissions), 41 per cent. on the Annual Income.	

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Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained on application personally or by letter, to the Actuary, at the Office in London.

GRIFFITH DAVIES, Actuary.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, (Established 1839.)Sir WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER, Bart., Q.C., Chairman.
Right Hon. T. E. HEADLAM, M.P., Q.C., Deputy-Chairman.

Subscribed Capital	£1,000,000
Capital Paid Up	70,000
Accumulated Funds at Christmas, 1868	601,045
Annual Income from Premiums after deducting Re-assurance Premiums	£30,413
Annual Interest of Invested Funds	22,222
Assurances in Force, including Bonus Additions	3,600,250

The Association has never taken over the Business of any other Company by amalgamation or purchase. Exclusive of the large subscribed Capital, the accumulated Funds are amply sufficient to meet all obligations. It values net Premiums only, the whole "Loading" being strictly reserved for future Expenses and Profits.

NEW BUSINESS OF 1868.—New Policies issued, 618; Sums Assured thereby, £439,870; New Premiums received, £15,443.

BONUS YEAR, 1868.—Nine-tenths (90 per cent.) of the Profits are divided among the Assured every Five Years. The Fifth Division of Profits will take place at Christmas, 1870.

15 Waterloo Place, London. J. HILL WILLIAMS, Actuary.

UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
25 FILL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Extension to Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and other Foundation Schools.

President—His Grace ARCHBISHOP CAMPBELL, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Directors.

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Henry Nugent Banks, Esq.	The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford.
Francis Barlow, Esq.	The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.
Sir Edward M. Buller, Bart., M.P.	Edward Romilly, Esq.
Lord Richard Cavendish.	The Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury.
Sir Robert Charles Dallas, Bart.	The Right Hon. Spencer H. Walpole, M.P.
Francis H. Dickinson, Esq.	Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., M.D.
Sir Francis H. Doyle, Bart.	The Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley.
Robert Hook, Esq.	J. Copley Wray, Esq. (Chairman).

Amount of Capital originally subscribed, £600,000, on which has been paid up ..	£30,000
Amount accumulated from Premiums	910,000
Annual Income	62,500
Amount of Policies in Existence and Outstanding Additions, upwards of	2,075,000

Addition to Policies nearly 2 per cent. per annum.

The Ninth Quinquennial Division of Profits, June, 1870.

CHARLES MCCABE, Secretary.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1836.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL—TWO MILLIONS.

Annual Revenue from Life Premiums	£110,000
Life Reserve (exclusive of Annuity Funds)	655,000
Total Accumulated Funds (wholly invested in First-class Securities) as per last Report	940,000
Annual Revenue from Interest thereon	42,000

OFFICE IN LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET.

London Board of Directors.

WILLIAM MILLER, Esq., Chairman.	
DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.	
GEORGE O. ANDERSON, Esq.	
PHILIP CURRIE, Esq.	
HENRY JAMES LUBBOCK, Esq.	
SIR CHARLES R. MCGRIGOR, Bart.	
HARVEY RANKING, Esq.	
WILLIAM MUNRO ROSS, Esq.	
R. D. SASSOON, Esq.	
JOHN STEWART, Esq.	
WILLIAM WALKINSHAW, Esq.	

The Directors invite attention to the following facts, in support of this Company's claims to public confidence:—

- The expenses of management of the Life Department (including Agent's Commission) have not for many years exceeded 10 per cent. upon the net Premiums. Upon the total Revenue (i.e. Premiums and Interest combined) they are at the present time less than 8 per cent., or, excluding Commission, under 3 per cent.
- In the last valuation of the Liabilities under Assurance Policies the Carlisle Table of Mortality was employed throughout, and the rate of Interest assumed was 3 per cent.; except in respect of 83 of the older Policies, which were taken at 4 per cent., the rate on which their Premiums are founded. In the case of no Policy, whether taken at 3 per cent. or 4 per cent., was any part of the addition made to the pure Premium for future Expenses and Profits anticipated, but the whole "Loading" was rigorously deducted. The Annuities were valued by the English Life Table, No. 2, at 3 per cent. Interest, reserving the same Loadings as are considered necessary by the Office in the sale of these transactions.
- The Company publishes its Accounts (including full details of the Investments) in a form which enables every ordinary man of business to judge for himself of its financial position, besides affording professional Actuaries the means of testing with precision the sufficiency of its Reserves to meet future liabilities. Copies of these may be had by application at any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

A. P. FLETCHER, General Manager.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—39 FILL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.	
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John Garrett Cattle, Esq.	Wilmot Holland, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.	Edgerton Hubbard, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.	Neville Lubbock, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.	George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.
Lancelot William Dent, Esq.	Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.
Alexander Druce, Esq.	Charles Robinson, Esq.
Frederick Joseph Edmann, Esq.	Samuel Lee Schuster, Esq.
Charles Hermann Goehne, Esq.	Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
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FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the PREMIUM is NOW the only charge for FIRE INSURANCES.

Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of Partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.
1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest Insurance Office in existence. Founded and still conducted on the Mutual System.

Large Returns made to Members in each Department.

The whole of the Profits are divided annually amongst the Members of Five years' standing and upwards—there being no Shareholders.

The rate of abatement of Premiums thereby given for the current year on Life Policies is 60 per cent. for the Old Series, and 50 per cent. for the New Series.

The rate of return on Septennial Fire Policies (charged at 1s. 6d. per cent.) is 60 per cent. The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

December 31, 1868.

Claims paid on Life Policies to this date
| Returned in Abatement of Premiums ditto | 535,594 |

ASSETS.

Accumulated Fund
| Present Value of Life Premiums | 1,271,369 |

LIABILITIES.

Present Value of Sums Insured (£3,165,506)
| Present Value of Life Annuities (£8,757 per annum) | 66,250 |

Further details as to the Assets and Liabilities of the Office may be had on application to the Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 FILL MALL, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £300,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income.

It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and most liberal conditions.

The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
For FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICES—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 7 FILL MALL, S.W.

JAMES BLYTH, Esq., Governor.

EDWIN GOWER, Esq., Sub-Governor.

DAVID POWELL, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

NATH. ALEXANDER, Esq.
J. A. ARBUTHNOT, Esq.	HARRY GEO. GORDON, Esq.
HARVEY BRAND, Esq.	A. C. GUTHRIE, Esq.
EDWARD BUDD, Esq.	JOHN A. HANKEY, Esq.
ALFRED D. CHAPMAN, Esq.	LOUIS HUTH, Esq.
MARK W. COLLET, Esq.	HENRY J. B. KENDALL, Esq.
Sir F. CURRIE, Bart.	CHARLES LYALL, Esq.
P. G. DALGETY, Esq.	Capt. R. W. FELL, R.N.
BONAMY DOBREE, Esq.	WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.
JOHN ENTWISLE, Esq.	P. F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
GEORGE L. M. GIBBS, Esq.	ROBERT RYRIE, Esq.
ROBERT GILLESPIE, Esq.	LEWIS A. WALLACE, Esq.
	WILLIAM B. WATSON, Esq.

The Share Capital of this Corporation is £306,550, of which One-half, or £153,275, has been paid up. The total Invested Funds on December 31, 1868, amounted to £2,302,540.

A printed Abstract of the General Balance-Sheet, together with particulars of the Life Department, may be had on application at the Head Office. The following items relating to the Life Business have been extracted therefrom:

Policies in force for
Annual Income from—	£4,804,480
Premiums	£159,063
Interest	54,560
Accumulated Premiums	£1,331,130

The Fire Duty having been abolished, Fire Insurances are now effected without any charge beyond the Premium.

Marine Insurances can be effected at the Head Office, and at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1806.

15 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Directors.

G. P. Bidder, Esq.
J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P.	Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. St. P. Lawrence,
D. A. Freeman, Esq.	K.C.S.I., C.B.
G. A. Fuller, Esq.	C. Lucas, Esq.
J. Goddard, Esq.	J. D. Magens, Esq.
R. Hudson, Esq., F.R.S.	C. Rivas, Esq.
S. Laurence, Esq.	W. B. Torve, Esq.
T. H. Longden, Esq.	H. Tritton, Esq.
	S. H. Twining, Esq.

The ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has been established upwards of Half a Century, has an Accumulated Fund of more than THREE MILLIONS STERLING, invested in Mortgages on Land, and other first-class Securities:

Viz. on August 20, 1868
Sum Assured—Inclusive of Bonus Additions—at that date	£3,175,694 15 8
Estimated Liability thereon (Northampton Table of Mortality, 3 per cent. Interest)	5,388,780 11 1
Total Amount of Bonus Additions made to Policies	1,641,589 0 4
Amount of Profits divided for the Seven Years ending 30th August, 1868	2,800,000 19 9
Annual Income	532,369 7 8
Total Claims paid—Inclusive of Bonus Additions	314,967 14 3
	6,327,044 7 7

Copies of the Annual Reports and Balance Sheets, as well as of the Periodical Valuation Accounts, Tables of Rates, and every information, to be obtained on application.

JOHN RAYDEN, Actuary.

H. W. FORTER, Sub-Actuary.

719

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IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.

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61 Strand, and 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, London.

Gold Lever Watches, from	16 10 0	Silver Lever Watches, from	5 5 0
Gold Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from	35 15 0	Silver Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from	25 5 0
Gold Hunting Case extra	5 5 0	Silver Half Chronometers in Hunting Cases, from	27 6 0
Gold Geneva Watches, examined and guaranteed, from	7 7 0	Marine Chronometers, from	35 15 0

Gold Chains, 16 and 18 Carat, from

Drawing-room and Library Clocks in Ornolu, Marble, &c., winding with or without a Key, Dials, Bracket and Astronomical Clocks, of every Description. Turret Clocks made to order.

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WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the 30 large Showrooms, post free.—39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street, 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. With the present RAILWAY FACILITIES the cost of delivering Goods to the most distant Parts of the United Kingdom is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always, when desired, undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

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María, Cadiz Bay. Spanish Wines exclusively.—For Price List, address JOSÉ PODELA, 124 Fenchurch Street, E.C. Sample One Dozen Cases, 25s. and 51s. cash.

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90, 92 Wigmore Street, London, W., Wine Merchant.

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Prescribed as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Universally recognised by the highest Medical Authorities to be

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PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN.

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F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

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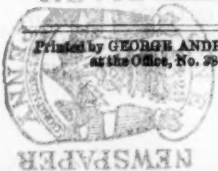
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